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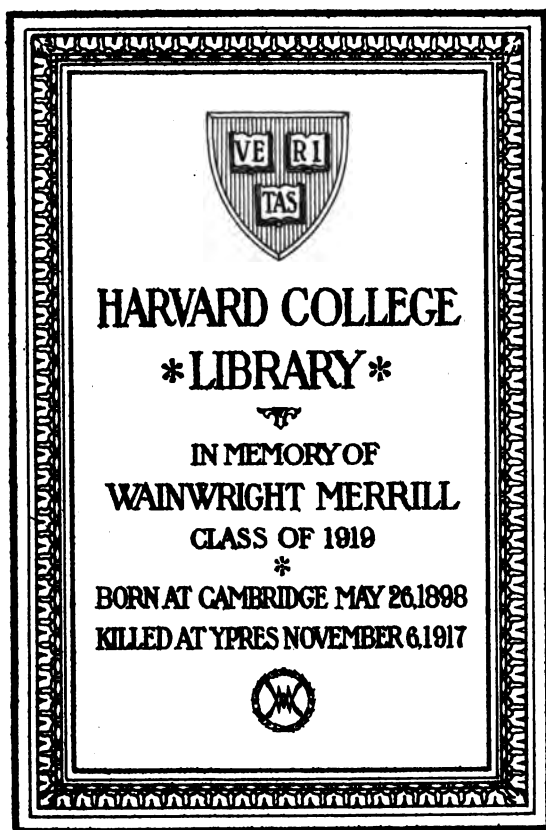
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THE BARDIAD,

A Poem;

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY CHARLES BURTON/LL. B.

SECOND EDITION.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Καλὸν ἀκούμεν ἐστὶν αἰδοῦ
Τοιοῦ δ' ὅλος ὁ δ' ἐστὶ θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος αὐδὴν.
HOM. ODYSSEY. I. 370, 371.

Poetæ quod *piè* et *justè* dixerunt, recipit Plato;
Quæ, minus rectè, detestatur.
BESSAR. CAR. IN CAL. PLAT. l. 1. c. 8.

London:

SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN;
AND BY J. GLEAVE, DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.

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Preface.

THE following Poem, which appeared, at first, as an Ode, has been amplified so much beyond it's original form, that to change it's Title has become indispensable. Its design, however, is the same; namely, to descant upon the *use* and *abuse* of Poetry. The *abstract* nature of Poetry is developed; the various *sources* of it's inspiration are exhibited; and Poets of eminence, in it's different departments, both ancient and modern, foreign and vernacular, are introduced, in the class to which they appear properly to belong. Brief allusions are frequently made to leading biographical circumstances of the lives of the most illustrious; connected with critical animadversions upon their writings. In the classification, the place assigned to each, has been determined by what was deemed the peculiar and prevailing *fort* of the author, or

the predominating character and quality of his performances. If the character of a Poet be concentrated within a *single* line, it has been the result of painful analysis. It is hoped that no precipitate judgment will be formed with respect to the decision that is made. When the reader has investigated, balanced, viewed, and reviewed every particular, his opinion may be candid and impartial. May the author be allowed to suggest, that a judgment, determined by the genius and execution of *isolated* pieces, is scarcely possible to be correct. Peculiar predilections for some particular author, and a circumscribed acquaintance with the Poets, will necessarily induce a warmth of partiality, which more general perusals would at once moderate and cool. He who has read "Thomson's Seasons," often speaks with as invincible dogmatism and supercilious animadversion as if he had read Chaucer and Spenser; or rather, I may, more justly, observe, as if he had never seen them.

Many, especially *modern*, Poets will not be found in the following sketches. This, however, does not arise from invidious distinction; but, from the fact, that, of many authors, brilliant in talent, and superior in merit, numbers must ever remain dis-

regarded ; and that the estimate of their deservings would be too hazardous, at least, for the present. The *apotheosis* of a character is the work of a century ; and even the estimate of genius should pass seven times through the furnace of criticism, before it can appear without dross and alloy. If, therefore, any individuals appear unfairly dealt with, it would be base to remain inflexible to just representation.

Little is said of any, except *one* ; and for this, we presume, no apology will be needed. It was what the author conceived to be the *abuse* of splendid genius, in *him*, that gave rise to this Poem ; and if he be treated with unsheltered and unmitigated severity, let it be remembered, that the censure is not the acrimonious satire of complacency, but the serious reprobation of sorrow and disgust. *Genius* is not dismissed without legitimate praise ; but *Religion* is supported with fearless resolution. The author knows that he stands on the platform of Truth and Virtue ; and though he may not be intimidated by the venal logomachy of the scribbler, nor the impertinent, as ignorant, animadversions of the sciolist ; nor be awed into silence by the merciless anathemas of hypercritical malignity ; he would, nevertheless, be ashamed of that obstinate

pertinacity which precludes improvement from judicious observations.

By the unanimous suffrage of the intelligent and pious, that man has been accounted a Benefactor to his species, who, with justly merited severity, exposes productions, which tend, in an awful degree, to demoralise the juvenile class, the flower and the hope of our country. And who can blame the *productions*, without censuring the *men*?

This metrical mode of conveying his sentiments has been adopted by the author, with the view, that they might be more generally read, and more powerfully impressed upon the mind. The reason assigned by Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his beautiful (but not unexceptionable) "*Essay on Man*," may corroborate this expectation. "I found," says he, "I could express my ideas more *shortly* this way than in *prose* itself; and nothing is truer, than that much of the *force*, as well as the *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*." If *brevity*, *strength*, and *interest* be gained, the *preference* is decided.

A subject, in itself *didactic* and *critical*, admits neither the charms of the beautiful, the corruscations of the surprising, nor the *emportement* of the



sublime. It will fail to *amuse*, but not to *instruct*. It will not raise *delight*, but may *correct error*. The following performance, therefore, may bring no palm of superiority to the Poet; but he will consider himself sufficiently rewarded, if it command the respect usually entertained for the Friend of Religion and Virtue.

An important topic, however, deserves, in this place, impartial discussion. It is maintained, by some critics, that *sacred* subjects are by no means adapted to poetical composition. This little work proceeds entirely upon an opposite view of the question. To establish our position, we must encounter no less a writer than that colossal critic, Dr. Johnson. What Johnson writes, men, even of penetrating intellect, often admit, without suspicion of error. That man, indeed, must be a contemptible sciolist, who would not pause, and pause again, before he could trust himself to differ from so profound and accurate a Philologist. On the present subject, notwithstanding, the Doctor seems to have made an aberration from his usual acuteness of discrimination. We quote his own words: "From Poetry the reader justly expects, and from good Poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his com-

prehension, and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped for, by Christians, from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved. *All* that pious verse *can* do is to help the memory and delight the ear; and for these purposes it may be very useful; *but it supplies nothing to the mind.* The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; and to recommend them by *tropes* and *figures* is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.”*

This is the substance of the Doctor’s reasoning. Doubtless there is something, in the march of this apparent demonstration, very magnificent. But a little calm reflection will disentangle and expose the splendid sophistry. His expectations from Poetry are legitimate, but his decision with respect to *sacred Poetry* is, we conceive, inadmissible. That “metrical devotion has rarely a tendency to enlarge the comprehension and elevate the fancy,”

* Johnson’s Life of Waller. “Lives of the Poets.”

or, as he, afterwards, much more roundly avers, "*that it can supply nothing to the mind,*" is the statement to which we decidedly object. We are not accountable for all the doggerel hymns, and despicable compositions, which are pawned upon the religious world. We take *sacred*, on the same footing with *classic*, Poetry. We view it in its best exhibitions. Now, analyze the Doctor's reasoning. He selects the optimism of sublimity for his proof; and tells us, with a tone of irreversible authority, "Omnipotence cannot be exalted, infinity cannot be amplified, perfection cannot be improved." "Prodigious!" Who ever thought they could? or that *Poetry* might be the means of accomplishing the Herculean task? And, pray, will *Prose* succeed more effectually in this Utopian enterprise? Omnipotence, indeed, cannot be exalted; but, our *notions or conceptions* of Omnipotence *may*. Our *apprehension* of "the nature of the Supreme Being" admits of various *degrees* of clearness, and extent. Now, this must result from delineation and illustration; and may not Poetry conduce to this? May not it's "tropes and figures" enlarge our comprehension and elevate our fancy, with reference to *divine* subjects? Because God is unchangeable, must *our views*

and notions of Him remain so? Does the child receive *no supplies* to his infant mind from "Watts's Divine Songs?" Does the devout Christian derive no mental acquisitions from sublime and beautiful Psalms? Why did David and Isaiah write on sacred subjects, with such inimitable sweetness and rapture, if *sacred Poetry* were incapable of enlarging the comprehension and elevating the fancy?

If it be observed that the illustrations of sacred subjects, in the holy Scriptures, are so *complete*, that they can receive but little augmentation; we rejoice to concede the fact. But whence does it occur, but from the very identical circumstance, that the sublime and inimitable Poetry of the Prophets has left little to be illustrated? To assume, therefore, that sacred subjects are not adapted to poetical composition, is, precisely, begging the question. "Than *Hebrew Poetry*, the human mind can conceive nothing more elevated, more beautiful, or more elegant; in which the almost ineffable sublimity of the subject is equalled by the energy of the language and the dignity of the style. And it is worthy of observation, that as some of these writings exceed, in antiquity, the fabulous ages of Greece; in sublimity, they are superior to the most

finished productions of that polished people.”* That great ornament of polite literature, Bishop Lowth, observes also, “is it not probable that the *first* efforts of rude and unpolished verse would display itself in the praise of the Creator, and flow almost involuntarily from the enraptured mind? This, at least, is *certain*, that Poetry has been nurtured in those sacred places, where she seems to have been first raised into existence; and that her original occupation was in the *temple* and at the *altar*.” Whether indeed, with “the eloquent Herder,” we clothe every Hebraic construction with poetic inspiration; or, with the learned Gesenius, reduce many exquisite passages to the appearance of prose; or, with our own accurate Prelate, take a kind of central path between the two; we are entirely constrained to acknowledge that the whole compass of elegant literature has nothing to place in competition with the Poetry of the Bible. The Poetry of Isaiah, in the opinion of Mr. Thomas Campbell, (and who is better qualified to judge on such a question?) “forms the greatest tablet, both of awfully solemn, and of

* Rees's Cyclopaedia. Art. Poetry.

joyfully beautiful, conceptions, ever exhibited in poetical prediction.”* We will beg also to add a testimony of Mr. Hazlitt, to whom ideas are slaves, and whose page is often like a slave-ship. “There are descriptions in the Book of Job more prodigal of imagery, more intense in passion, than any thing in Homer. They give a greater *momentum* to the imagination,” Now, review Dr. Johnson’s reasoning!

Were it needful to add another word, we should just remind the reader, that the same mode of reasoning would, with equal propriety, apply to *natural* subjects. We might declare, with a tone of equal magnificence, ‘the rose cannot be sweetened; the sun cannot be brightened; creation cannot be enlarged.’ We hope enough has been said, to demonstrate the sophistry of Johnson’s reasoning about *sacred Poetry*; and to exculpate us from the imputation of temerity in venturing to arraign such venerable authority.

One word more on the Poem. The object of the “Dunciad,” was to satirise *dulness*; that of the “Bardiad” is to commemorate *genius*, and to

* Campbell’s Lectures on Poetry.

stigmatise it's awful aberrations. That such a duty should be discharged in so imperfect a manner, will not be regretted, if abler critics should, by this attempt, be induced to present us with more efficient services. If the productions of Genius, Taste and Erudition deserve the immortality of praise; the propagators of calumny, sensuality, and scepticism, deserve that of reprobation and contempt. To find an apologist for the man who maligns such a Monarch as "George the Third," and distributes, through Europe, such a work as "the Liberal," ought, in a Christian country, to be *impossible*.

The notes contain elegant *morceaux* from the Poets whose works are criticised; but, the *selection* is *only* such as may tend to illustrate the observations that are made in the course of the Poem. Of any other, indeed, there would be no end.

Gorton, 1st. March, 1823.



THE BARDIAD.

CANTO I.

SUMMARY.

INVOCATION.—The origin, nature, and perfection of the poetie art.—
The various sources of poetry.—Silence, Solitude; *Young—Dodd—Hervey—
Ossian*.—Melancholy; *Kirk White—Chatterton—Warton—Smith*.—Grief;
Shaw—Mason—Gray.—Love; examples—youth—*Ovid—Tibullus—Anacreon*
—*Moore—Troubadours*.—Wit, comic and satiric poetry; *Butler—Syntax—
Lucilius—Juvenal—Horace—Boileau—Rochester—Prior—Gay—Swift—Rabe-
lais*.—Nature, pastoral and picturesque poetry, &c.; *Theocritus—Virgil—
Gessner—Thomson—Burns—Scott—Hogg—Falconer—Goldsmith—Crubbe*
—*Bloomfield—Gisborne—Shenstone—Denham—Somerville—Wordsworth—
Montgomery*.—Mind; intellectual poetry; *Beattie—Rogers—Campbell—
Akenside—Collins*.—History; epic poetry; *Homer—Virgil—Milton—Lucan*
—*Le Trissin—Camouens—Tasso—(Ariosto)—Voltaire*.

Canto I.



GERM of enthusiast Nature, POESY !
Spirit of verse ! my fervid soul, to thee
Symphonious, warm'd with thy ethereal glow,
Welcomes thy inspiration ; and, with flow
Of earthly sounds and humblest melody,
Echoes the thought it but receives from thee.
O ! heavenly Patroness ! extend thy wings,
The Bard to shelter who thine honour sings !

Thy *sources*, num'rous as thy varied laws,
From which each Poet inspiration draws ;
Who Thee have *honour'd* in the golden line,
And who *disgrac'd* the influence divine,
Thoughtful, we trace.—How man, with fond desire
Inflam'd, or kindled by resistless fire,

'Gan *first* to try the "*imitative*" strain,*
Religious rites, high gods, and heroes slain
To celebrate, in "*metre* and harmonious *verse*,"
We now enquire not. Nor, shall we rehearse
What ORPHEUS chanted on Apollo's lyre,
To raise Eurydice from realms of fire;
By what strange melodies he overcame
Mortals, more difficult than *beasts* to tame;
What LINUS sang, in rude inceptive lays;
Or HESIOD taught us in his "*works and days*."
Nor, shall we trace the brightening course along
From *Dithyrambic verse* and *Phallic song*,
When first, with *pastoral flute* and *Doric reed*,
They sang or shepherd's love or monarch's deed,
Till rose the Art, from *casual* melody,
To finish'd *Ode* and splendid *Epopée*.

Is thy sweet power a "*taint of madness*" hight?
So thought sage Plato and the Stagyrte:†

* See Aristotle's Poetics.

† See Aristotle's Poetics.

'Tis, then, a "madness" we may heavenly deem,
A *fire* that makes the eyes of seraphs beam ;
An *effervescence*, sparkling, glowing, bright,
That lifts the soul to mental phrensy's height ;
Yet not, as thought Democritus, in fact,
That none were Poets till their brains were crackt ;
Nor such a lunacy, no power can tame,
As cast Empedocles in Ætna's flame.

What then *is* Poetry ?—a work of *mind*,
With *passion* warm and *fancy* bright, combined ;
The "*secret soul of harmony*" divine,
Breathed in the *language* of the *tuneful line* ;
The *mind's* own euphony and vigour, found
In deep communion with all *Nature* round.
Nor is he *greatest* of this honour'd band,
Whose words in sweetest collocation stand,
But he whose thoughts with loftiest grandeur roll,
And strike their influence deepest to the soul.
For heavenly Poetry is not the rhyme
That marshals words, in weak and senseless chime,

But something 'tis "*divine*," (as Horace taught)
A strong, proportion'd, elevated thought,
A gem of Genius bright, presented so
That charming *sounds*, with *thought*, in concert flow.
Such "mental furor," in such numbers sweet,
Was deem'd as language for Olympus meet.

As, when the *light* on Memnon's image fell,
Harmonious sounds came forth with magic swell,—
So, when, on *Fancy's* efflorescent dreams,
The *ray* sublime and *intellectual* beams,
It's sportive flight and overture restrains,
And holds the rhapsodist in *wisdom's* chains;
'Tis *then* the *images of fancy* shine,
Reflecting sunbeams of a *mind* divine;
The sumptuous wanderings of ideas bright
Receive the chastening of a heavenly light,
And fragrant Poesy's ecstatic art,
(Pure and complete in every various part)
The *highest* point of elevation gains,
To which the harmony of earth attains.

Celestial Genius of harp, lyre, and shell !
Dost thou *alone*, with nameless magic, dwell
In those bright intervals of Cynthia's reign,
When SILENCE shuts the eyelids of the plain,
And seals in sleep her grateful votaries ?
When the lone Bard, enthrall'd by phantasies
Of pure sublimity, roams from his cell,
And, wrapt in contemplation, loves to tell
How, in the audience of his soul, he hears
The nightly concert of the choral spheres ?
Shall we, in search of true poetic worth,
In cool of evening dark, go roving forth,
When, from the spheroid verge of this terrene,
The sapphire barge of heav'n's resplendent queen
Sails thro' yon radiant isles, a countless train !
That beautify the calm cerulean main,
Serenely fills, with lustre soft, the sky,
And meets the diamond of the Poet's eye ?

Is SOLITUDE thy residence,—that we
Must roam the forest, must the city flee,

Court the wide wilderness, the trackless glen,
The murky cave, the unfrequented den,
Or dead of night,—that raptures may inspire
And prompt the music of the *solemn* lyre?

Night, Darkness, Silence, and the Galaxy
Have power to charm, to loftiest ecstasy,
The mind devout and pensive; such as thine,
O! potent master of the glowing line,
Seraphic YOUNG! whose “wilderness of thought”*
“Time, Death, and Immortality” hath brought,
In rhapsody, to man; whose “*Nights*” display
A mind at “pastimes” in a “milky way.”
E’en the dank cell may drink the doleful strain,
While hapless DODD communicates his pain;
Learn what kind pow’r may hast’ning death beguile,
And make the walls of sullen bondage smile.
Mid *tombs* and *stars* the florid HERVEY glows,
Writes as a Poet, tho’ he writes in *prose*.

* Johnson’s Lives of the Poets.—Art. Young.



Nay, scarce can we to pensive Bard allude,
Who ne'er composed his "*Ode on Solitude* ;"
But *one*, enwapt in dark ethereal shrouds,
Disports with spirits on careering clouds,
And with phantasmas frightful loves to dwell :—
His name is OSSIAN ; more, we cannot tell.

In MELANCHOLY's walks *alone*, must we
Expect to meet our lov'd MELPOMENE ?
As if the sounds of her Parnassian shell
Could *only* vibrate in the *gloomy* dell ;
Could only flow on such unearthly ground,
Or hermit's cell, as Beattie's Edwin found,*
Where rude misfortune drives from pleasure's train
Her child, o'erwhelm'd with vanity and pain,—
Lur'd to his bane by Mammon's noon-tide ray—
And stung at heart by foul Ambition's sway,—
Disgusted long at this gay world's deceit,—
A pensive Minstrel, in his cold retreat ?

* See Beattie's "Minstrel." Book II.

Tho' not *alone*, in *thy* dark shelter'd vale,
The wanderer sings ; yet, many a pensive, pale,
And woe-struck Bard we meet, in sable, dight :
But who so honour'd as thy dear KIRK WHITE ?
Sad child of disappointment ! o'er thy page
Have wept alike warm youth and trembling age ;
Genius and Piety enwreath thy brow ;
" *Clifton's dark grove,*" by thee immortal now,
Drops tears of sorrow o'er the Trentane wave,
That Granta's Bard should find a distant grave.
Dear White ! thou "*sitst*" not "*a lorn spectre there* : "*
No—for, in Heaven, thy harp knows no *despair*.

Of Genius brighter, but less *gracious* mould,
Precocious CHATTERTON, an orb of gold,
Rose but to set ere half his light was seen,
And died the wondrous Poet of sixteen.
Nor, in our wand'ring, shall we fail to meet
The sombre WARTON, in this lov'd retreat,
Whose potent genius, melancholy-bound,

* Kirk White's "*Clifton-grove,*" at the end.

Describes the "*pleasures*" which, of course, *he* found.*
 And if the heart must secretly indulge
 The pang of sympathy it can't divulge,
 It must be when, with soul-inspiring glow,
 POOR CHARLOTTE SMITH portrays the deep-felt woe.

Is GRIEF the *element* of Nature's muse?—
 Shall to the harp thy *sterner* will refuse
 The magic spell, except, in MONODY,
 When SORROW lifts her *tragic* eye to thee?
 When blights the heart the retrospect of bliss,
 With withering influence, like a demon's kiss;—
 When, o'er the corse of beauteous infancy,
 The parent weeps like grief-worn Niobe;—
 Or, (when careers Hyperion's latest ray,
 And knell of eve bewails departing day,)
 The frantic lover, saddening as he goes,
 Wends to the grave where yet no cypress grows;
 And while the beams of *Lyra*, (Poet's star,)
 Are softly falling from her evening car,
 With bursting anguish vents a fruitless moan,
 And dews with grief th' unsullied church-yard stone.

* Warton's "Pleasures of Melancholy."

Sorrow, indeed, has foster'd many a muse,
 And mixt her current with *Castalian* dew :
 Let SHAW, funereal, o'er his "Emma" sigh ;*
 Let MASON praise his Lady Coventry ;†
 Let *classic* GRAY describe the still *church-yard*,
 And take the palm from every plaintive Bard !
 'Twas grief enroll'd these sons of elegy,
 'Twas nameless grief that first enlisted me.
 Of disappointment and of dole to tell,—
 On scenes of misery and woe to dwell,—
 The dark-blue future to make darker still,—
 The mind, perplext, with gloomier doubts to fill ;—
 Such eye hath been, in some capricious flight,
 The wayward Poet's whimsical delight.

Shall Bard that consecrates, in *Sapphic* mode,
 To female loveliness a soothing Ode,
 Claim warmest inspiration ?—or shall he
 Usurp the *empire* of sweet Poesy,

* "Monody on the Death of a Young Lady."

† "Elegy on Lady Coventry."


When vernal morn, or lone embow'ring grove,
Invites the lay of pure ingenuous *Love*?
Certes, we grant that Love's resistless fire
May prompt the youth, *unconscious* of his lyre;
Yet, should we shrink, tho' charm'd to ecstasy,
To yield th' enchanting *Monochord* to thee;—
Tho' Lesbian *Sappho*, with dishevell'd hair,
Leaps from her awful rock, in wild despair;—
Tho', from Abydos, o'er the eddying tide,
Leander swims to Sestos' moonlight side;—
Tho', wreck'd, where steep Colonna's bastions rise,
True to his love, the dear *Palemon* dies;*
Or, through the cold inhospitable wild,
Love-lorn, disguis'd, by glimm'ring phantom guil'd,
Lost, in despair, fair *Angelina* fled,
Till found, at length, the unknown Hermit said:
"Turn, charmer sweet, thy long-lost Edwin see,
In this lone cell, restor'd to Love and thee!"†

* Falconer's "Shipwreck," at the end.

† Goldsmith's "Hermit."

What raptur'd youth, warm fancy's captive child,
Yields not an hour, by fairy dreams beguil'd,
Of *Love* untold, or disregarded flame,
In innocence to sing? and *such* may claim,
For ardent vows that warm the early page,
The kind excuse of less voluptuous age.
Not so, the wanton, the licentious song,
That poisons youth with fascination strong,
An egg, enchanted, steals from Cupid's nest,
To break, a viper, in the thoughtless breast!

O! Child of fancy! Quintessence of taste!
Why prompt thy Genius to a theme unchaste?
Leave the young fays of rose-bound *Erato*,
Around her throne to wave the bright flambeau!
“*The Loves of Angels!*” how can such things be?
How came such feculence reveal'd to thee?
Too much have OVID and TIBULLUS wrote;
Too much, in Greek, that old lascivious goat;
Why add fresh rubbish to this ancient store?
And why encourage one ANACREON MORE?



Oh ! leave the chanting of their lewd amours,
To soft Italians, and gay TROUBADOURS !

Cast to the mercy of the *comic* hour,
Shall gay THALIA triumph in thy power,
And the rude Bacchanal's intemp'rate glee,
Swell the loud laugh of lawless ribaldry ?
Nature *may* sport in her prolusions gay,
And list the Muses on her festive day,
But *not* incite, the vaulted hall to rend,
Nor lyric sounds to Bromian orgies lend.

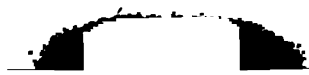
The humorous BUTLER, in a merry age,
When love and ribaldry were all "the rage,"
Wrote much less trash than might expected be ;
And, with a keen and well-timed pleasantry,
Burlesqu'd the Hero of a *rigid* class,
Couch'd in the name of *Old St. Hugh de Bras* ;*
Whose work was read till *he* was better known
By name of "*Hudibras*" than by his *own*.

* The reputed tutelary Saint of Devonshire.

Of such-like poems, there appear'd no more,
Till learned SYNTAX took his Northern tour,
Sought, as he journey'd, in complete grotesque,
And when he *found not, made* "the picturesque."

Satire and *wit*, tho brighten'd up with rhyme,
Are seldom read, by choice, a *second* time.
For, when perus'd, the point, the pleasure's o'er,
As *tricks*, once known, are never witness'd more.
Yet may we learn, by such instructors taught,
That *rhyme* shows genius too as well as *thought*.

Satire and *Epigram* may useful be,
Caustic *lampoon*, and brilliant *repartee*;
Wit may bring *folly* to it's sacrifice,
And prove the scourge of *vanity* and *vice*;
The rough LUCILIUS may his lash apply;
Rome, 'neath her JUVENAL, may smarting lie;
The brilliant HORACE may his "*salt*" bestow,
And France be chasten'd by her keen BOILEAU.



'Twere well, had ROCHESTER his wit repress,
Tho' when he "*Nothing*" wrote, he wrote the best.
What of the rest, who ring the merry chime?
We only name them; (they deserve a rhyme)
There's sprightly PRIOR, and there's playful GAY,
Facetious SWIFT, and laughing RABELAIS.

'Tis worthier far, in NATURE's teemful scene
Of strange sublimity or fairy green,
To walk entranc'd, and, thro' the live-long day,
Indulge the measures of the *pastoral* lay.
Forth at *her* call, as by enchanter's wand,
Spring to their harps a bright and various band.
Well may such crowds attend her jubilee,
Nature's a Theatre, to all men, free;
From all her scenes a general int'rest flows;
For every Bard her peerless beauty glows.

The sweet THEOCRITUS leads up the train;
VIRGIL, in *eclogues*, imitates his strain;

And forms a model of the *pastoral* class,
Which none have yet been able to surpass.
GESSNER, indeed, has worn deserved bays,
And our own THOMSON has immortal praise.
With him you circle, as the "*Seasons*" move,
While every scene you know, admire and love.
Luxuriant Thomson sells at every stall,
Because he paints what suits and pleases all.

I hail thee, BURNS! the Bard whom Nature made,
Inspir'd, when ploughing on the stubborn glade
Of "Mossgiel;" "*wandering, prest with care,*"
On "*Coila's hills,*" and "*bonny banks of Ayr.*"
Burns draws from nature, what is drawn is *seen*;
His *Banks and Braes*, *Twa Dogs*, and *Halloween*;
We see his "*Sheep-boy*" wending up "*the moor,*"
And all the "*guests*" that crowd his "*cottage*" floor.
In Lochs and Glens the fam'd SIR WALTER sings
Of Ladies, Hunters, Castles, Knights, and Kings;
Amusing, graceful, picturesque and gay,
His "*Lake*" must please; so must his "*Minstrel's lay.*"

Nurs'd by the Tweed, and pastoral Willenslee,
The ETTRICK SHEPHERD breathessweet minstrelsy;
Shews to the world, for Caledonia's pride,
How genius blossoms on her mountains' side.

Tost on the Main, on Græcia's ramparts cast,
The hideous wreck, and the tremendous blast
Of midnight hurricane, loud with the yell
Of death, our FALCONER *but escap'd* to tell.
On Alpine cliff, or Europe's travers'd plain,
Enchanting GOLDSMITH pens his moral strain;
Bids every land before our vision glide,
Condemns it's luxury, or scorns it's pride:
At home, alas! on "*Auburn's village green,*"
Weeping, describes the desolated scene:
Rest, then, sweet moralist! thine Auburn may
"*Deserted*" be, but *never* will thy lay.

When *village scenes* invite the Harper's song,
Let CRABBE his praise receive; and when among

The *fields* we stray, let BLOOMFIELD'S voice prevail,
 To shew the "*farmer's*" toil, the circling "*ale*;"
 See his poor "*Blind Boy*" forming, on his knees,
 The beauteous "nosegay which he never sees."
 With GISBORNE *walk* the tangled "*forest*" thro';
 And, in his *Leasowes*, meet thy SHENSTONE too;
 Ascend with DENHAM to his "*Cooper's hill*;"
 And view "*the Chase*" with *Georgic* SOMERVILLE.

Poet of *sentiment*, our WORDSWORTH sings,
 Fraught with the purest images of things;
 And not so "*simple*" as some people tell:
 Read his "*Excursion*" and his "*Hartleap-well*."
 Nor must we slight, in careless Parthian view,
 The "classic SHEFFIELD," and the virtuous too;
 Whose *wandering Swiss*, and *Afric's barter'd slave*,*
 Swept, anguish-torn, across th' Atlantic wave,
 Alone might serve, had he no higher claim,
 To give a deathless splendour to his name.


* Montgomery's "Wanderer in Switzerland" and "West Indies."

Truth, Beauty, Grandeur, weave a fairy chain,
That wreathes and dances round the Poet's brain.
Nature will whisper in her Harper's ear
The sounds that float through her melodious sphere,
And he will sing them. Nor, indeed, I ween,
Could calmest Fancy, tranquil, view the scene.
Rich Panorama! Nature's sun-clad day,—
The faithful moon—the pathless milky-way,—
The bow of promise, arch'd in mercy's hour,
To paint the globules of the genial shower,—
The briny main, now, every wave asleep,
Anon her mountains foaming from the deep,—
Her tides obsequious to the sand-girt shore,—
The zephyrs mild—the ruthless whirlwind's roar,—
The heights precipitous, in snowy shroud,
Or lightning-scorch'd and riven, where, yelling loud,
The night-wolf howls, or sun-fed eagle cowers;—
The velvet lawns, sweet birds, and balmy bowers,—
The amaranth flowers the dewy grass among,—
Sounding cascades—and crystal lakes—and song

Of matin lark, and tuneful nightingale
That hymns a requiem to the peaceful vale.
Ten thousand objects crowd from pole to pole,
And strike the thoughts *responding* in the soul,
Till, prompted oft, by such inspiring call,
The embryo thoughts in "golden cadence" fall.

Say not the Muse on *Helicon* must sing,
Drink inspiration from *Castalia's* spring,—
In *every place* enraptur'd spirits find
Some theme of song—some theatre of mind :
Impressive Nature, in the rich display
Of all her bright magnificent array,
Forms in her beauteous, as unbounded, whole,
ONE VAST ODEON for the Poet's soul.

E'en when *abstracted* from these *outward* things,
Lost to the scenes encircling Nature brings,
The *Mind itself* on it's own treasure turns,
With *action* rises, and with *passion* burns.




It's busy, strange, ethereal *constitution*,—
It's ample range, and ceaseless evolution,—
It's *progress* towards perfection, boundless scope,—
It's *pleasures* sweet of *memory* and of *hope*,—
It's scenes ideal, unexhausted stores,
Where, unconfined, *imagination* soars,—
With changeful *passions*, in successive train,
Nurs'd in the heart, if govern'd by the brain,—
These—tell the Poet he may cease to roam ;
A field of *mental beauty* smiles at home.

So thought enchanting BEATTIE, when he sung
(Oh why was such a harp so soon unstrung !)
How Nature's self, by *beauty*, *converse*, *dreams*,
Form'd a sweet minstrel midst her rocks and streams ;
And every stage, with nice distinction, shows,
How opening *genius* to *perfection* grows.
So too, instructive ROGERS, to the gale
Auspicious, yielding *Memory's* faithful sail,
While *up the stream the bark* glides smoothly by,
Paints every scene that meets the ranging eye.

Accomplish'd CAMPBELL, with his fragrant wing,
Sweeps every flower of *Hope's* enchanted spring.
With ardent flight, and *philosophic* scheme,
The lofty AKENSIDE exalts his theme ;
And potent COLLINS, at his swift control,
Describes each *passion* as it warms the soul :
Ah ! splendid Genius ! hadst thou better fared,
Few are the Bards who had with *thee* compared !

Still *nobler* aims ask Poesy's support :
The *love of country* may the soul transport ;
The *high achievements* of the olden time,
In EPIC verse demand the true sublime ;
Such as Mæonides o'er Græcia rang,
Or, polish'd Maro to Mecænas sang ;
Or, later Tasso, to a slumbering age ;
Or, the dread argument of Milton's page.
These mighty masters of the heavenly art,
Pass, in review, unequall'd and apart.



Imperial HOMER claims the earliest sway ;
He penn'd a lofty and majestic lay ;
Grandeur of thought and circumstance combine,
And richest language beams in every line ;
Bright as the sun, and as the whirlwind strong,
His subject bears us gorgeously along :
“ *Theseids*” were soon to dark oblivion cast,
But one sole “ *Iliad*” brightens to the last.

Illustrious VIRGIL, lov'd in every age,
With splendid gracefulness adorns his page ;
And if warm Nature, with bright art combined,
Gave but *one perfect* Poet to mankind,
Transcendent Maro ! the award be thine,
Thou last resource of *Taste* in life's decline !
If not so *faultless*, in the censor's eye,
Yet soars *our* MILTON more *divinely* high ;
With scheme more *sacred*, and with end more *true*,
His matchless Genius “ blends the former two ;” *
As *greatest* therefore, of the immortal *Three*,
Applauding critics, MILTON ! turn to thee.

* See “Milton's Epitaph,” by Dryden.

Yet, brilliant Poets dignify the train ;
Cæsar's proud Triumph on *Pharsalia's* plain
 Sang honour'd *LUCAN* ; then, came *LE TRISSIN*,
 With borrow'd beauties, tho' with just design ;
 Told how from darkness fair *Italia* rose,
 While *Belisarius* chas'd her Gothic foes.
 When Europe, long in mental slumbers bound,
 Woke from *Cimmerian* darkness, at the sound
 Of *Gama's* Indian world, the golden scheme
 Call'd forth a *CAMOENS* to the splendid theme :
 Shipwreckt on *China's* coast, with single hand,
 He stemm'd the cruel surge, and reach'd the land ;
 While straining high his left, secure he bore
 His "*Lusiad*," *Lisbon's* glory, to the shore.

Forth, clad with light, the great *TORQUATO* came,
 Victim of exile, poverty, and shame,—
 And then, of Death, just in that doleful hour
 When fortune 'gan (too late) her gifts to pour.
 With fable varied, and description bold,
 (But with too much of fairy frame-work told)

In language such as Tuscan ear delights,
Sang how Crusaders and victorious Knights
“*Jerusalem deliver’d;*” and, though we,
(Charm’d with the brilliance of his poetry)
His *dazzling rival*, ARIOSTO, praise,
The world must perish with her TASSO’s lays.

In later times, with Gaul’s proud Hero’s fame,
The gentler “*Henriade*” prefers it’s claim;
With *language feeble* for a Poet’s pen,
The “Critic” wrote, but died the worst of men.
Great praise, albe, his *modern Epic* gains;
It leaves *Mythologies* to Gothic brains,
With richer sense their wonted place supplies,
And scorns the aid of such absurdities:
Were this thy *only* work, acute VOLTAIRE!
Europe had bless’d thee; now—she must forbear:
Such curse attends thy name, the world were glad,
With baser works, to lose thy *Henriade*.

THE BARDIAD.

CANTO II.

SUMMARY.

Peculiar Geniuses: Chaucer—Spenser—Dante—Cowley—Dryden—Pope—Southey—Milman—Shakspeare.—On sacred Poetry.—Episode on Palestine.—Hebrew Poets: Moses—Job—David—Solomon—Isaiah—Jeremiah—Ezekiel, &c.—The Koran of Mohammed.—Union of Saint and Poet; English sacred Poets: Herbert—Crashaw—Waller—Rosecommon—Pomfret—West—Parnel—Milton—Klopstock—Gessner—Young—Addison—Barbauld—Blair—Porteus—Cowper—Watts—Grahame—Montgomery, &c.—The abuse of poetic Genius; Lord Byron—Shelley.—Influence of Poetry—Guilt of it's misapplication.—Connexion with Sculpture, Painting, and Music.—Address to the King—On George the Third—Misanthropy—Address to Critics—To Lord Liverpool.—Penitential Recollections: Chaucer—Waller—Petrarch.—Conclusion—To Poesy.—Influence of Time on works of Genius.

Canto II.



SOME lofty spirits to *no class* belong,
But seem at home in every theme of song ;
Exuberant Natures ! prodigies of mind !
Bound by no rule, but *models* of their kind.

Father of Bards that breathe a British air,
Descriptive CHAUCER ! brilliant, debonair,
Minutely accurate, diffusely bright !
Thy *Knights* appear embattling in our sight :
Drawn to the life, his “ *tale* ” each *Pilgrim* tells,
While on our view the scene luxuriant swells.
Thou *first great spirit*, of the Muses lov’d,
That o’er the night of Saxon darkness mov’d !
Lonely, as *great* ! till mightier Spenser wrote,
From every Bard two hundred years remote.

Ah! peerless SPENSER! Fiction's favorite child!
Thy mind, full-fraught with virgin fancies wild,
Ranges, at will, amongst conceptions rare,
And endless labyrinths of invention fair;
Itself, the soul of harmony, is found
Convey'd, in all the melodies of sound.
Knights, palmers, fairies, giants, all are seen,
In *fairy* toils to please a "*fairy Queen*;"
To bring great *Virtues*, in their turn, to view,
And lead to emulate the *Knights* he drew.

Just at the day-break of Italia's light,
When *Gothic* darkness scarce had wing'd its flight,
Great DANTE shone; o'erwhelming, mystic, bold,
Piercing the clouds o'er deepest mystery roll'd.
A gloomy satirist! painting fiends so well,
That *Milton* chose to copy *Dante's* "*hell*."
Such "*Il Inferno*" as, *he saith*, withal,
Found in *this* world it's dark original;*
A better copy *then*, or, may be, *now*,
Than most indulgent moralists allow;

* D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. i. p. 100.

And sure *he* knew, for whom the tragic light
Of *faction's* flame illum'd a cruel *flight*.
'Twas Dante's praise to' express, with richer glow,
The monkish *visions* of "ALBERICO ;"
To rescue Genius, lost in Learning's tomb,
And scare the midnight of *monastic* gloom.

In *fancy's* reign, with awful Dante, glow'd
The brilliant COWLEY, of *scholastic* mode ;
Then, in the train, the mightier DRYDEN shines,
A Genius form'd for more superb designs ;
Soon, at his side, his rival POPE arose,
Whose verse, mellifluent, as sweet nectar flows :
If Dryden's Genius bursts and blazes higher,
The voice of Pope sounds sweetest of the quire :
We rise with Dryden to the starry wain,
But walk with Pope across a velvet plain.
With *Cowley's* fancy, and with *Pindar's* fire,
The Laureat SOUTHEY sweeps his pregnant lyre ;
While o'er the crowd of *modern* Bards, immense,
MILMAN obtains his just pre-eminence,

In whom appear, in rich communion placed,
A hallow'd judgment, and a perfect taste.

Of *Dramatists*, a countless host we find
In every age, of every rank and kind,
From roving *Thespis*, with his face besmear'd,
Till SHAKSPEARE, *greatest* of the race, appear'd;
Whose works to scan is not a province mine,
Yet, for the last, admit one duteous line!*

Like *Homer*, *Dante*, *Milton*, *Spenser*, *Young*,
The *Bard of Avon* hath sublimely sung:
What loftier praise can fondest judge confer?
Yet must concede his warmest flatterer;

* The reader who feels disposed to have *accurate* and *ample* criticisms upon the *genius* and *writings* of *Shakspeare*, will find all he wants in Mr. Dryden's *Delineation*; in the Preface to Dr. Johnson's edition of *Shakspeare*; in Mr. Hazlitt's *Lectures*; and in many other places. To have entered *more* fully into criticisms upon *dramatic* compositions, would have introduced us to such poets as *Archilochus*, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, *Terence*, *Plautus*, *Corneille*, *Moliere*, *Racine*, *Alfieri*, *Göthe*, *Schiller*, *Jonson*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, &c. &c.; an undertaking for which the author of the *Bardiad* feels himself to possess neither competence of knowledge; nor, from *higher* motives, the smallest inclination.

That *deeper learning* had improv'd his *Taste*,
Too oft by low *vulgarities* debased ;
And *better* themes, in *holier* garb attir'd,
Had still diviner Eulogy requir'd.

Is then RELIGION, (so endear'd to me,)
Alone denied the charms of Melody ?
To *every* theme must earthly harper rise,
But that which lifts him nearest to the skies ?
My soul, aggriev'd, replies, it cannot be,
For *Music's self is Heaven's pure minstrelsy*.
What makes the bliss of yon celestial sphere,
Where first-born sons of morning-time appear,
In concert loud ? 'Tis *Heaven* itself, to find
Truth, only truth, *with Harmony combined*.
E'en here, on earth, on less angelic scale,
Where voice hath discord, and where numbers fail,
Let HEBREW Bards to list'ning mortals tell,
On *sacred* themes, what sounds seraphic swell !

Thy Genius, *sacred Palestine!* demands
The holiest homage that the heart expands.
Apart from inspiration, where can we
Such Poets find as once distinguish'd thee?
What fields of Fancy shall the gleaner cull,
Enrich'd with such "*sublime and beautiful?*"
See *Learning, Genius, Taste*, at once unite,
Whate'er the theme on which the prophets write!
Not polish'd Greece, nor proud Imperial Rome,
Can boast such "writings" as thy hallowed *Tome*.
We need not shrink thy splendid sons to place
Beside the *proudest* of the *classic* race;
Their loftier verse had beam'd, in rich display,
A thousand years before e'en *Homer's* day.
To *us*, perchance, is lost the flowing *line*,
But not the *grandeur* of the *thought* divine;
This brightens still, with undiminish'd ray,
When *changeful sound* has lost it's measur'd sway.

What soil *Parnassian* could *more* charms combine,
'Than nurs'd the Bards of *ancient Palestine?*

There Carmel's mount and holy Tabor rose,
Rich *dews* descended like inceptive snows; *
O'er lofty Lebanon proud *cedars* wav'd,
Lakes slept within, without, the *ocean* rav'd;
A *sky*, serenely soft, it's mantle threw;
Anon, the *storm*, the frightful whirlwind blew.
Wells, wreath'd with *vine*, on *Joseph's* fruitful plain, †
Gardens of *olive*, fields of golden *grain*,—
Milk, such as stream'd thro' *Asher's* rich abode, — ‡
And humming *rocks* whence plenteous *honey* flow'd; §
A *Holy Place*, by none but Hebrews trod,
With awful *symbols* of incumbent GOD,—
A *land* where genius might *unfetter'd* rise,
With high demands it's powers to *signalize*;—
Such charms propitious, more than Muses nine,
Might well enkindle Minstrels such as thine.

Saved from the *swellings* of the fruitful Nile,—
Carest and taught in Egypt's *regal* smile,—

* Ps. cxxxiii. 2. † Gen. xlix. 22. ‡ Gen. xlix. 20. § Prov. lxxxi. 16.

Then forc'd the *flock* of *Midian's* priest to feed,
 Till sent of GOD his *chosen* tribes to lead,
 The *reverend* MOSES, rapt on "*holy ground*,"
 To *Hebrew* accents gave *melodious* sound.
 Hark! on the margin of that fruitless shore,
 His "*SONG*" *triumphant*, Israel's legions pour!
 The *flood* had closed on Egypt's impious band—
Chariots and *horsemen*, floating, reach'd the strand—
 Then rose to Heaven, the exulting hosts among,
 The *first* "*TE DEUM*" of the *Hebrew* tongue.

Mysterious JOB, with rich description shows
 How awful *visions* of still *midnight* rose;*
 Tells Heaven's remonstrance with short-sighted man,
 Who dares His secret purposes to scan:
 Himself, *exemplifies* the worst estate
Hell could *inflict*, or *earth* *commiserate*; †
 And proves, how justly, to the child of tears,
 His *greatest blessing* is the *rod* he fears.‡

* Job iv. 13—17. † Job, chap. i. ii. and iii. ‡ Job, *passim*.

With *heart* in *heaven*, and with adoring *eye*,
 Fixt on the glories of the *spangled sky*,—*
 In *cedar'd closet*, far from human gaze,—
 With joy, exultant, in the *courts of praise*,—†
 Or, *banish'd* far from Judah's rightful throne,
 From *Temple* distant—exiled—and alone,—‡
 The *lyre* of DAVID sounds. And, still, the song
 Consoles the pilgrim of the Christian throng;
 The heart, o'erwhelm'd in anxious doubts and fears,
 With faith supports, with holy comfort cheers;
 Still, to thy lyre, melodious *Minstrel-King*!
 In every church a thousand voices sing.
 In THY great SON, the *wisest of mankind*,
 (*Whate'er* the subject of his song design'd,)
Luxuriant fancy's efflorescent tide
 Flows sweetly on by *matchless wisdom's* side.

ISAIAH sings:—the *desert* hears his voice,
 The *barren wastes of wilderness* rejoice,

* Ps. xix. † Ps. c. ‡ Ps. lxxxiv.

The harmless *wolf* with sportive *lambkin* plays,
 The *adder* stings not, nor the *lion* slays ;
Mountains and *forests* hail the listening *skies*,
 The *Heavens* are vocal, and the *Earth* replies.*
 When spoke the Seer, whom we *divinest* own,
 The proud *Assyrian* trembled on his throne ; †
 The people, oft in sad defections found,
 His voice, relentless, warn'd with awful sound,
 To lean no more on *Egypt's* " *broken reed*,"
 But turn to GOD, their help in times of need. ‡
 And, when *predicting*, the great Prophet show'd
 The *Lamb* enslaughter'd, and the *Blood* that flow'd,
 With all the splendours, in a countless train,
 That mark the progress of MESSIAH's reign,
 Rapt, in the vision, every sentence glow'd
 With all the grandeur of the *coming* GOD.§

Sad JEREMIAH ! whom, methinks, I see
 Like some lorn spirit of adversity,

* Isaiah xxxv. lxy. † Is. x. xiii. xiv. ‡ Is. i. xxx. xxxi.
 § Is. liii. ix. xxiv. lii. xl.

Seated, in tears, midst *Zion's* lov'd remains,
 "Lamenting" loud, *Chaldea's* galling chains;
 Of all the harps that sing of woeful tine,
 None breathes with *plaintive Elegy* like *thine*.*
 Spirit of grief! *thine head*, *thine eye* appears
 A flood of "*waters*," and a "*fount of tears*."

Mystic and *awful*, as the "*wheel*" he drew,—
Dazzling and *rapid*, as his "*seraph*" flew,—†
 The great EZEKIEL, Judah's confines shook.
 (Whose mould our *Ossian* and our *Dante* took.)
 AMOS, whose *herds* on bleak *Tekoah* fed,
 The poor man's solace, and the tyrant's dread,
 Deign'd not the *chastening* of his harp to spare,
 But woke to strains "*the land refused to bear*."‡
Famine and *drought* on JOEL's page appear
 With pathos equal to *Uzziah's* seer.§
 When Judah bled with vile Manasseh's crime,
 In "*lyric*" measures, *awful* and *sublime*,

* Jer. iv. ix. x. xvij. &c. and Lamentations, passim. † Ezek. i.

‡ Amos i. 1, vii. 10. § Isaiah i. 1. Joel i.

The stern HABA'KKUK sang.* No more we name.
Tho' numerous seers might highest homage claim,
Our theme demands not. Nor, in sooth, the reign
Of Judah's loftiest Bards did *long* remain.
Her *latest stars* were dimming fast away,
As nearer drew her *bright* MESSIAH's *Day*.

With scheme *delusive*, artful, fervid, bold,
Composed to charm the mind of *Eastern* mould,
The ARABIAN SEER, with bright luxuriant line,
Secur'd his "*Koran*" an immortal shrine.
Vain with it's flights each ardent Poet vied,
Lábid in vain, the skilful contest tried.
The adapted verse, the rich mellifluous strain,
Distill'd like dew-drops on the burning plain ;
Or bolder transports took their figur'd bound,
While rapt *Arabia* drank the enchanting sound.
Ah! *deadly page* ! how *impious* thy sublime !
The foe of Idols, yet the *friend* of *Crime* !

* See Lowth's Dissertation.

Fram'd to *conceal* the *ends* the wretch desired ;
Yet, bold to *license* what his *lust* required.
Joyous, we turn to *that* SUPERIOR PAGE,
The *unerring guide* of this *dark pilgrimage*!

If, in Thy courts, Thou sov'reign LORD of all !
Where songs beseem as from archangels fall,
The puissant Minstrel of Judea's praise,
Strung his bright harp to unpolluted lays,—
May not the *herald* of a *brighter* scene
Raise *his* faint voice? when eke, with plumagesheen
And sacred, Poesy to him descends,
Inspires him graciously, and gladly lends
Her wings, new burnish'd with celestial fire,
To waft his genius to her spotless quire?

Why should it be so arduous to divine,
How "*Saint and Poet*" should in *one* combine?*

Why *not* to some illustrious bard be given
"These two most sacred names of earth and heaven?"

* See Cowley's "Elegy on Crashaw."

On *this* foul orb, where only sin we see,
It may, perchance, a rare connexion be:
But such event, like all sublunar ill,
Must be ascrib'd to man's *polluted will*.
Man, rais'd by hallow'd fervour and desire,
May catch the rapture of *celestial fire*,
May breathe such anthems, consecrate and pure,
That, when set free from earth's investiture,
He only needs to *join* the angelic throng,
And, *holier* made, the *same* bright theme *prolong*.

Yet *gracious* spirits have adorn'd our earth ;
None more than they who boast an *Albion* birth :
Our HERBERT *earliest* of this class arose,
Whose "*Temple*" still with warm devotion glows.
Of *Learning* vast, adorn'd with matchless *grace*,
The sainted CRASHAW claims distinguish'd place.
WALLER, whose voice a list'ning *senate* moves,
With *polish'd line* our *native* verse improves :
By fortune scourg'd, his *earlier* work redeems,
And soothes his drooping years with "*sacred*" themes.

Sad dearth of *Virtue*! "In all *Charles's* days,
Roscommon only, boasts *unspotted* lays; "*
With *Brunswick's* smile a *purer* day arrives,
With POMFRET, WEST, and PARNELL, she *revives*.

All hail! thou *mightiest* of the *virtuous* train!
My raptur'd spirit turns to Thee again,
Unrival'd MILTON! borne on seraph wings,
To instruct frail man how Heav'n's Orchestra sings;
Bereft of *vision*, but that *purer* light
Might rest, *unscatter'd*, on thy *mental* sight!
"Of man's first disobedience," and the "fall"
To "*Death* and *woe*," and "*sin's*" tremendous thrall,
Thy Muse hath sung. How, then, "*One greater*"
came,

Our woes to *heal*, our Paradise *reclaim*,
KLOPSTOCK's "*Messiah*" tells; (the best assay,
In theme so great, for feeble mortal's lay.)
Such boundless goodness! such stupendous scheme
Lost man to *save*, a ruin'd world *redeem*,—

* See Pope, on Roscommon.

"Tis what on earth no "vain pretender dares ;"
Archangels falter, "Gabriel's harp despairs ;"
Yet may the sons of darkling earth obtain
Divinest views in *Klopstock's* fervid strain.

His name recalls the immortal GESSNER's praise,
A second *Virgil* clad with holiest rays :
His mind, dissolv'd in Nature's *tenderest* ties,
(What heart-string breaks not when his "*Abel*" dies?)
Free from bombast, from turgid episode,
In sweet simplicity's divinest mode,
The *purest* form of *sacred Epic* chose,
That *e'er* adorn'd the harmonies of *prase*.

Thee, let me hail, once more, *seraphic* YOUNG !
(Thy praise already but too meanly sung,)
How glows, with *Heav'n's unbounded love*, thy pen !
Depicts the agony of Christ for men !
Revives in "*paraphrase*" the dazzling "*JOB*,"
And paints the *Day* that wakes the *slumb'ring globe*.

Thy trackless genius takes unfetter'd bound,
Like blazing comet's perihelion round.
Throughout thy "*Thoughts*," perus'd in *riper* years,
At every step some splendid light appears.
Had thy great genius but directed been
With *nice design*, and *well-adjusted scene*,
And *chasten'd* fire,—to me few doubts remain,
If *loftier Bard* did e'er to earth pertain.

His part doth courtly ADDISON supply,
Lifts to "*the spacious firmament on high*;"
While *there* transcendently our BARBAULD sings
Of *Heav'n's* vast empire, and the *King of Kings*.
A BLAIR conducts us to the gloomy "*Grave*,"
A PORTEUS teaches from that "*Death*" to save.
The good man's favourite, still, his COWPER shines;
Time only adds fresh beauty to his lines.
The "*Day of Rest*" hath GRAHAME well portray'd,
For *which* a *Harp* hath WATTS divinely made:
MONTGOM'RY adds his Muse of heavenly wing,
And *thousands* more their *humbler* tribute bring.

Be these, *sweet Poesy!* thy constant guard!
On them bestow the *highest style of Bard!*
And, while *Britannia* lists to *Virtue's* praise,
Attune her Harps to still sublimer lays!

ETHEREAL ESSENCE! which, of all thy train,
That heard, of late, the too enchanting strain
Of thy fell votary, would *again* inspire
The LORDLY BARD that sweeps the *Attic* lyre?
Sure the sweet NINE, aye linkt in heavenly thrall,
Must wail the gifts they cannot now recall;
Unless he sings from influence, like their own
In harmony, but prostrate from it's throne;
Such as might prompt the dark Plutonian lay
When Tartarus gulps the new-descended prey.

Sad prostituted Genius! fit, alone,
In some foul planet to erect his throne,
Such as He best describes; some orb of fire,
Where all, but beams of wretchedness, expire;

The burning wreck of some demolish'd sphere,
A "*wand'ring hell*" that wheels it's high career.
His Alpine genius, towering,—varied,—bold,—
Sublime in Fancy, as in Virtue *cold*,
Like a fell Avalanche, comes wasting down
On PIETY's warm plain. Still worse the frown
Of kindred SHELLEY on fair Mercy's reign.*
O! *righteous* GOD! how *long* wilt thou refrain?

Angel of verse! assert thy *sacred* cause!
Maintain thy good, thy venerable laws!
Summon thy *chaste*, thy *well-affected* train,
And bid them sing of PIETY again!
In vain shall then the too-voluptuous Muse,
With syren melodies, her victims choose;
Or BYRON laud his deeds of crimson dye,
Sing meretricious love and chivalry;

* Since writing the above, we have learned from the public prints, that *Mr. Shelley* and Mr. Williams were *lost* when sailing, by boat, in the vicinity of Pisa. I leave the reader to make his own reflections.

Or baser SHELLEY, on the gates of hell,
With reckless vaunt impinge his sceptic shell.

The magic influence of thy potent spell,
Sweet Poesy! what angel powers can tell?
Like him of Syracuse,* (whose ardent mind
Conceiv'd, could he some firm arena find,
On which, in circumambient space, to stand,
He'd cause the world to move at his command,—)
The Poet, whom sublimest thoughts inspire,
Who breathes in regions of seraphic fire,
From some bright elevation, undefined,
Moves, by his sweet enchantment, all mankind.

Oh! tragic thought! shall they, whose strains, begun,
Seem nurtured in the chariot of the sun,
With gilded plumage of enchanting hues,
But hover round, contagion to diffuse?
Rise, but to carol of forbidden things?
Fly, but to drop such poison from their wings?

* Archimedes, the celebrated Mathematician.

Thus, while their beauties dazzle and control,
The rankling virus poisons deep the soul.

Promethean sacrilege, of foulest dye !
With *fire* descended from a spotless sky,
To kindle hearts, too ready to ignite,
And bid them blaze amid a cheerless night !
Sure 'tis the pastime of some fiend misnamed,
Like him whose torch imperial Rome inflam'd,*
And while he watch'd the bursting volumes rise,
Spreading a canopy of crimson'd skies,
Danc'd, in his garden, to the rampant fire,
And, pleas'd to see it, play'd his demon-lyre.
What fate more suited to the miscreant bard,
Than on some kindred rock, as cold as hard,
To know, unheard, an adamantine chain,
While Hell's keen vultures multiply the pain.

'Tis the deep *guise* we blame; the *watchword* vile
Of that arch-infidel, who dared to style

* The Emperor Nero.

Our blessed Christ "*a wretch*;" and taught the foe
The hellish art, "strike, but conceal the blow."

Less dangerous he who publishes his shame,
Than he who masks his dark infernal aim;
Who, the smooth sponge of fascination 'neath,
With wary hand conceals the lance of death.
So, while the waves of sullen ocean roll,
Far from the cypress and the village-toll,
From the cold deck the putrid carcase falls,
When the blue grave of starless midnight calls.

Nor leave we thus without his censure just,
The obnoxious *Sculptor* of the breathing bust;
Who, from his marble, shapeless, mute, and cold,
Swells the sweet form of too voluptuous mould,
To please lascivious Lords; but, wounds the eye
Of virtuous prudence, and meek modesty.
Partners in guilt, we deem, those *Artists* too,
Whose shameless pencil, dipt in beauty's hue,

Gives to the canvass what demands the skreen,
Forms undisguis'd, and attitudes obscene.
Nor may *sweet Music*, nursling of the spheres,
Offend the meekness of an angel's ears ;
Her tones, *transporting—soothing*, may avail
To touch the heart, where poet-efforts fail.
The air *adapted*, and the *mocking* sound,
The thought assists, and deeper probes the wound.
How great the enchantment of the *sister-Three!*
Yet *yield their powers, sweet Poetry!* to thee.
The *sculptur'd bust*, may have but *few* to admire ;
The *canvass, darken* ; and the *music, tire* ;
But *he* that breathes the soul-enchanting *rhyme*,
Forms, paints and sings, for thousands at a time.

All-gracious Monarch of earth's brightest crown!
With high discerning majesty look down
And scatter, far beyond thy halcyon smile,
The recreant bards that desecrate our isle !
Guardian of Faith! protector be of *song!*
Be Truth's *Mecænas*, and avenge her wrong !

Great King! who dares thy *Father's* name defile,
Secures the curse of *Virtue's* favourite Isle.
To HIM hath Heaven a *happier* place assign'd,
Than e'en could MARO for *Augustus* find,
Where, in the zone an orbless space we see,
Between bright *Cancer* and *Erigone*:
For him a *Throne* of purest crystal shines;
An emerald *wreath* his spotless brow entwines;
A sapphire *Coronet*, a realm sublime
Is his; beyond the ravages of time;
Yes, and beyond the *slander* of the Bard,
Who, wreckt upon some promontory hard
Of deadly hate, would vent his fruitless rage,
And curse the *Glory* of the *Georgian age*,

Oh! lethal taste of cold *Misanthropy*!
The wretch abandon'd that regales on thee,
Like the gaunt tiger that *once* tastes the blood
Of man, insatiate, loathes all *other* food;
As if no sanguine carnage could allay
That panting thirst, but reeking human prey.

Such den of cannibals, unslaked and keen,
Such tigers fierce in *Pisa's* haunt were seen :
Junta of death ! confederates foul and fell,
"LIBERAL" in "firebrands," and the shafts of Hell.
Say not, that we, at cruel Envy's call,
Like clamorous hounds upon a champion fall,
When friendless and o'erpow'r'd, he dies. But when
The *human* bloodhound leaves his shelter'd glen,
And in his course, deep-knelling, sweeps away
The dews of heaven, fast hast'ning to his prey,
We think no title can his name deprave.
No tear should consecrate his early grave.

Say not to Geni^{us} we deny her meed,
For *whence* doth Genius but from *Heaven* proceed ?
'Tis GOD's behest ; to man no praise belongs,
Except it raise and consecrate his songs.
Your's be the blame, who on this favourite shrine,
E'en for the sceptic and the libertine,
Your incense all with thoughtless rapture fling,
While to your GOD, your *Country*, and your *King*,

No homage due, no sacrifice ye pay ;
Ye worship *Genius*, but *Religion* slay.

Ye gifted *Scribes* ! who guide the general views,
Undaunted, crush each base apostate Muse !
Ye sapient *Critics* ! never dare to praise,
What, in your heart, ye know deserves to blaze !
No, tho' the reckless, venal Bibliopole,
Holds to your view the too seductive dole !
Your's is the ship in which poor authors ride,
Your helm oft guides to some auspicious tide ;
Oft, at your *dictum*, the supinely wise
Praise or condemn, encourage or despise.
See to your charge ! be faithful ! be sincere !
Nor scout the humble, nor indulge the Peer.

And thou, great LIVERPOOL ! thy country's pride,
In *storms*, her pilot,— in *distress*, her guide !
Whose gracious temper, and unrivall'd skill,
Bade the wild elements of *strife* be still,

And *anarchy* retire ; may thy firm soul
Defend our altars from the dread control
Of *deadlier* foes ; who, 'neath the shield of taste,
Our land, with shameless blasphemies, lay waste !
Suppress those impious, tho' enchanting, lines,
That curse our children, and our peaceful shrines !
Albion shall vibrate to thine honour'd name,
Nor deem *one* virtue could enhance thy fame.

'Twere well, if, even like *great Edward's* bard,
The baneful poet, dreading his award,*
Should view with grief his doleful calendar,
And drench his verse with tears. Yet, better far,
Need no repentance ; like the Bard of Rome,
Who said, when sinking to his honour'd tomb,
He wish'd no sentiment should be forgot,
Nor wrote what, dying, he desired to blot.
So, far in eld, melodious WALLER sings :
" Cancel whate'er no strength to virtue brings."

* See Chalmer's British Poets. "Life of *Chaucer*."

So, record tells, immortal PETRARCH found,
When *Death's* relentless legates hover'd round,—
(Tho' listening *Europe* had adored his lyre,
And woke to *Love*, as by some spell of fire,)
The beauteous *wreath*, that such sweet Bard adorns,
Is *dearly* bought, and pillows *Death* with *thorns*.

Thy cause, thus meanly sung, sweet Poesy!
May find some *abler* advocate, than he
Who now defends thee—sings but for thy praise,
Nor seeks protection for his fervent lays.
While VIRTUE triumphs, and while MERCY reigns,
The worthiest, loftiest, of poetic strains
Will aim to rise, as but archangels can,
“And justify the ways of GOD to man.”*

Far o'er the *past* extend the watchful eye!
Few are the works that *ruthless Time* defy.
As on some night the spangled arch we view,
When o'er the welkin spreads a *palish* blue,

* Milton's “Paradise Lost,” Book I. line 26.



No stars with *brilliance* on the sight obtrude,
But those which shine of *largest* magnitude.

Fame, so capricious in her high behest,
But seldom makes her *living* Poets blest ;
Midst *tombs* and *epitaphs* her *banners* wave,
Her *dome* reflects the *meteors of the grave* :
In *Death*, may genius that eulogium gain,
Which *living greatness* labour'd for, in *vain*

Of Books, of Poems, would there be no end,
If all that's *written* did as quickly *vend* ;
But most are doom'd an early death to die,
Thrown to the rubbish of the days gone by.
Fine paper—type—and friends who write reviews,
May sometimes raise a but indifferent Muse ;
Such fame, albe, awaits a sad reverse,
And serves no end, except to fill the purse ;
Time, cruel Time, will tear the vellum cheat,
The chaff will dissipate, but leave the wheat.

Just here and there a standard work appears,
Too great, too good to fade with mouldering years;
And some, in truth, of *genuine worth* possess,
By reckless blast are buried with the rest.

Look, *now*, across the drear Egyptian plain!
Few traces of magnificence remain;
Conceal'd in sand, a *thousand temples* lie,
And only PYRAMIDS *still* brave the sky.



NOTES.

NOTES.



PREFACE, p. xiii.

"Of any other, indeed, there would be no end."

OF the collection of the British Poets, that of Chalmers, in 21 volumes, is the most complete. Anderson's, though not so extensive, is a very excellent work. But the reader will probably find all he may desire, in Mr. Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets," in 6 vols. 8vo. a work that renders larger collections almost useless, and is a valuable acquisition to the library of the man of taste. The antiquarian in Poetry will derive great gratification from "Ellis's Specimens." In these Notes nothing more is attempted than the criticisms of the Bardiad required. From the great *Epic* Poets, particularly, extracts are as unnecessary, as their selection would be difficult.

Page 8.

"Seraphic Young! whose wilderness of thought."

The extracts from Young are reserved for a place under the observations presented upon a subsequent passage.

Page 8.

*"Mid tombs and stars the florid Hervey glows,
Writes as a Poet, though he writes in prose."*

The style of Hervey has usually been denominated bombastic. In a few instances, there may be a turgidity and pomp, to which the squeamish critic may object. But Hervey ought not to be regarded a prose, so much as a *poetic*, writer. Hervey possesses Description, Imagery, and Sentiment, which are the *essence* of Poetry, in a degree, which entitle him to rank with the sublimest Poets. If his "Meditations" do not possess the charms of melody, resulting from the measured collocation of words and successive correspondence of sounds, (such as we find, in great perfection, in Goldsmith, Pope, and Campbell,) they possess what is of an infinitely higher character. It is the Poetry of Imagination. It's genius is displayed in the figures and similes, more than in the words. It is a mistake to suppose that the *floridity* lies in the style. It was in the mind of the author. His work contains the *essence* of Poetry; a quality which suffers little even by translation; and which, sometimes, even gains by it; as, in those instances, where the foreign language can display the conception of the Poet, with greater vividness, strength, and adaptation, than his vernacular tongue. Let the compositions of Pope be presented in the dress of another language; they will lose their fascination at once; because the genius of the writing is more in words and sounds, than in thoughts and figures. Thus, there may be Melody without Poetry, and there may be Poetry in Prose. Let the GREAT Poets be subjected to the same ordeal.



Let Isaiah, Ossian, Homer, Dante, be rendered into the prose of all the languages of the earth ; still the Poetry remains. So long as the images and similes are preserved, the essence of the Poetry can, by no legerdemain, be dissipated. It is on this ground that we denominate Hervey a Poet ; and a Poet of the first class. However, let the reader form his own judgment from the following specimens :

“ See ! how the day is shortened !—The Sun, detained in fairer climes, or engaged in more agreeable services, rises, like an unwilling visitant, with tardy and reluctant steps. He walks, with a shy indifference, along the edges of the southern sky ; casting an oblique glance, he just looks upon our dejected world ; and scarcely scatters light, through the thick air. Dim is his appearance, languid are his gleams, while he continues. Or, if he chance to wear a brighter aspect, and a cloudless brow ; yet, like the young and gay in the house of mourning, he seems uneasy till he is gone ; is in haste to depart.—And let him depart ! Why should we wish for his longer stay ; since he can show us nothing but the creation in distress ? The flowery families lie dead, and the tuneful tribes are struck dumb. The trees stript of their verdure, and lashed by storms, spread their naked arms to the enraged and relentless heavens. Fragrance no longer floats in the air ; but chilling damps hover, or cutting gales blow. Nature, divested of all her beautiful robes, sits, like a forlorn disconsolate widow, in her weeds. While winds, in doleful accents, howl ; and rains, in repeated showers, weep.”—*“ Winter Piece.”*

“How frequently is the face of nature changed! and, by changing, made more agreeable!—The long-continued glitter of the day, renders the soothing shades of the evening doubly welcome. Nor does the morn ever purple the east with so engaging a lustre, as after the gloom of a dark and dismal night.—At present, a calm of tranquillity is spread through the universe, The weary winds have forgot to blow. The gentle gales have fanned themselves asleep. Not so much as a single leaf nods. Even the quivering aspin rests. And not one breath curls o’er the stream.—Sometimes, on the contrary, the tempest summons all the forces of the air; and pours itself, with resistless fury, from the angry north. The whole atmosphere is tossed into tumultuous confusion, and the watery world is heaved to the clouds. The astonished mariner, and his straining vessel, now scale the rolling mountain, and hang dreadfully visible on the broken surge: now shoot, with headlong impetuosity, into the yawning gulph; and neither hulk, nor mast is seen. The storm sweeps over the continent: raves along the city-streets: struggles through the forest-boughs; and terrifies the savage nations with a howl, more wildly horrid than their own. The knotty oaks bend before the blast; their iron trunks groan; and their stubborn limbs are dashed to the ground. The lofty dome rocks; and even the solid tower totters on it’s basis.”—“*Contemplations on the Night.*”

The whole of the “Descant upon the Creation” is in the finest tone of poetic inspiration. Hervey seems to have studied, with attention, Milton,—and Young, his cotemporary; and above all,

to have taken his best illustrations from that most luxuriant and unfathomable treasure of Poetry, THE BIBLE.

Page 9.

"His name is Ossian."

After what has been presented to the world, on the Poems of Ossian, by Macpherson, Dr. Blair, and Mr. Alexander Stewart, nothing more can be necessary. The impression left upon our minds can only be, that, whether written by Ossian the son of Fingal or not, they must be Poems, written, in the *country* from which they profess to come, at a *period* long before the existence of the Highland clans, and that the Poems themselves possess such efflorescence, vividness and awfulness of imagery, as can be found no where out of the BIBLE. Homer seems to be his kindred Genius. But what Ossian would have been with Homer's knowledge of men and manners, and the copious and expressive language of Greece at his disposal, is not to be told. At least, it is probable, Homer himself would have been his inferior. Had Ossian possessed a knowledge of REVELATION, how infinitely superior would have been the general character of his writings! And, even, as it is, what magnanimity, tenderness, and moral accomplishment, appear in himself and the venerable Fingal! Ossian never saw, and probably never heard of the Bible, except it might be from an obscure Culdee. Ossian knew nothing of Homer, nor the rules of Aristotle. When Ossian sang, Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton were unborn. The Genius of his Poems may be discovered in the following spe-

cimens ; which we insert, accompanied with Dr. Blair's accurate criticisms :—

Ossian describes ghosts with all the particularity of one who had seen and conversed with them, and whose imagination was full of the impression they had left upon it. He calls up those awful and tremendous ideas which the

—*Simulacra modis pallentia miris*

are fitted to raise in the human mind ; and which, in Shakspeare's style, "harrow up the soul." *Crugal's ghost*, in particular, in the beginning of the second book of Fingal, may vie with any appearance of this kind, described by any epic or tragic Poet whatever. Most Poets would have contented themselves with telling us, that he resembled, in every particular, the living Crugal ; that his form and dress were the same, only his face more pale and sad ; and that he bore the mark of the wound by which he fell. But Ossian sets before our eyes a spirit from the invisible world, distinguished by all those features which a strong astonished imagination would give a ghost. "A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam ; he that lately fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast.—The stars dim-twinkled through his form ; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream." The circumstance of the stars being beheld, "dim-twinkling through his form," is wonderfully picturesque ; and conveys the most lively impression of his thin and shadowy substance. The

attitude in which he is afterwards placed, and the speech put into his mouth, are full of that solemn and awful sublimity which suits the subject. "Dim, and in tears, he stood, and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego.—My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills; but my corse is on the sands of Ullin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla; and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar! I see the dark cloud of death. It hovers over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.—Like the darkened moon he retired in the midst of the whistling blast."

Several other appearances of spirits might be pointed out, as among the most sublime passages of Ossian's poetry. The circumstances of them are considerably diversified; and the scenery always suited to the occasion. "Oscar slowly ascends the hill. The meteors of night set on the heath before him. A distant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blasts rush through the aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind the hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath. Oscar drew his sword."—Nothing can prepare the fancy more happily for the awful scene that is to follow. "Trenmor came from his hill, at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor, half-extinguished. His face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero; and thrice the winds of the night

roared around. Many were his words to Oscar.—He slowly vanished, like a mist that melts on the sunny hill." To appearances of this kind, we can find no parallel among the Greek or Roman Poets. They bring to mind that noble description in the book of Job: "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made my bones shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. The hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes. There was silence; and I heard a voice—Shall mortal man be more just than God?"

The description of Fingal's airy hall, in the Poem called *Berrathon*, and of the ascent of *Malvina* into it, deserves particular notice, as remarkably noble and magnificent. But above all, the engagement of Fingal with the spirit of *Loda*, in *Carricthura*, cannot be mentioned without admiration. The undaunted courage of Fingal, opposed to all the terrors of the Scandinavian god; the appearance and the speech of that awful spirit; the wound which he receives, and the shriek which he sends forth, "as, rolled into himself, he rose upon the wind;" are full of the most amazing and terrible majesty. I know no passage more sublime in the writings of any uninspired author.

"The flame was dim and distant; the moon hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain, on its wings was the spirit of *Loda*. He came to his place in his terrors, and shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced his spear in night, and raised his voice on high.

“Son of night, retire : call thy winds, and fly ! Why dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms ? Do I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda ? Weak is thy shield of clouds : feeble is that meteor, thy sword ! The blast rolls them together ; and thou thyself art lost. Fly from my presence, son of night ! call thy winds, and fly !

“Dost thou force me from my place ? replied the hollow voice. The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish : my nostrils pour the blast of death. I came abroad on the winds : the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds ; the fields of my rest are pleasant.

Dwell in thy pleasant fields, said the king : Let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend from my hills into thy peaceful plains ? Do I meet thee with a spear on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda ? Why then dost thou frown on me ? why shake thine airy spear ? Thou frownest in vain : I never fled from the mighty in war. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven ? No : he knows the weakness of their arms !

“Fly to thy land, replied the form : receive thy wind, and fly ! the blasts are in the hollow of my hand : the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura ; and he will prevail ! Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath !

“He lifted high his shadowy spear ! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword ; the blade of dark-brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like

a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

The spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep. They stopped in their course with fear. The friends of Fingal started at once, and took their heavy spears. They missed the king: they rose in rage; all their arms resound."

In what follows, when the fate of Fillan is drawing near, Ossian, if any where, excels himself. Foldath being slain, and a general rout begun, there was no resource left to the enemy but in the great Cathmor himself, who in this extremity descends from the hill, where, according to the custom of those princes, he surveyed the battle. Observe how this critical event is wrought up by the Poet. "Wide-spreading over echoing Lubar, the flight of Bolga is rolled along. Fillan hung forward on their steps; and strewed the heath with dead. Fingal rejoiced over his son. Blue-shielded Cathmor rose. Son of Alpin, bring the harp! Give Fillan's praise to the wind; raise high his praise in my hall, while yet he shines in war. Leave, blue-eyed Clatho! leave thy hall; behold that early beam of thine! The host is withered in its course. No farther look—it is dark—light-trembling from the harp, strike, virgins! strike the sound." The sudden interruption, and suspense of the narration on Cathmor's rising from his hill, the abrupt bursting into the praise of Fillan, and the passionate apostrophe to his mother Clatho, are admirable efforts of Poetical art, in order to interest us in Fillan's danger; and the whole is heightened by the immediately following simile, one of the most magnificent and sublime that is to be

met with in any Poet, and which, if it had been found in Homer, would have been the frequent subject of admiration to critics: "Fillan is like a spirit of heaven, that descends from the skirt of his blast. The troubled ocean feels his steps, as he strides from wave to wave. His path kindles behind him; islands shake their heads on the heaving seas."

But no where does Ossian's genius appear to greater advantage, than in Berrathon, which is reckoned the conclusion of his songs, "The last sound of the voice of Cona."

*Qualis olor noto positurus littore vitam,
Ingemit, et mæstis mulcens concentibus auras
Præsago quæritur venientia funera cantu.*

The whole train of ideas is admirably suited to the subject. Every thing is full of that invisible world, into which the aged bard believes himself now ready to enter. The airy hall of Fingal presents itself to his view; "he sees the cloud that shall receive his ghost; he beholds the mist that shall form his robe when he appears on his hill;" and all the natural objects around him seem to carry the presages of death. "The thistle shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head: it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven; the time of my departure is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves."

"Fingal, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of his steel; it was like the green meteor of death, sitting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven."

Malvina's allusion to the same object, in her lamentation over Oscar, is so exquisitely tender, that I cannot forbear giving it a place also. "I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar! with all my branches round me. But thy death came, like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The spring returned with its showers; but no leaf of mine arose."

As Homer exalts his heroes by comparing them to gods, Ossian makes the same use of comparisons taken from spirits and ghosts. "Swaran roared in battle, like the shrill spirit of a storm that sits dim on the clouds of Gormal, and enjoys the death of the mariner." His people gathered round Erragon, "like storms around the ghost of night, when he calls them from the top of Morven, and prepares to pour them on the land of the stranger."—"They fell before my son, like groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand."—In another place he says:

"Thou art to me the beam of the east, rising in a land unknown." "In peace, thou art the gale of spring; in war, the mountain storm." "Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha!—Soon hast thou set, Malvina! but thou risest, like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder."



Page 10.

"Dear White! thou sit'st not "a lorn spectre there."

Kirk White and Chatterton may well appear in connexion, on many accounts. The precocity of their genius, and the character of their compositions, and the prematurity of their death, are astonishingly similar. Their minds seem, in *some* respects, to have been cast in the same mould. Both seemed to have perused with avidity the old English Poets, and to have imbibed their peculiar spirit. Kirk White, in his "Canzonet;" and in his song, "Softly, softly blow, ye breezes," has so precisely adopted the style of Chatterton, in the "Minstrel's Song in Ella," that we might suppose them written by the same pen. Chatterton's genius seems to be brighter; but Kirk White possessed a mind so heavenly in its nature, and rich in its resources, that maturity of years would have enabled him to have written a "Paradise Lost." He was one of the sons of Ossian. The peculiar character of his *mind* is sufficiently obvious from the following extracts:

"But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,

Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave."

"Philosophers have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and Poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world;

"And fits it to hold converse with the gods."

"I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications; at the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice; the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my

heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions which they inspire ; yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss."—"Melancholy Hours."

SONNET.

"Sweet to the gay of heart is Summer's smile,
 Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring;
 But ah ! my soul far other scenes beguile,
 Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
 Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—
 Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
 While in my ears the howls of fairies ring,
 And melancholy wastes the vital fire ?
 Away with thoughts like these—To some lone cave
 Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
 Direct my steps ; there, in the lonely drear,
 I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse
 Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse,
 And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear."

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

"Sweet-scented flower ! who art wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume !

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead

Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow ;
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song :
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
 The melody of death.

“ Come, funeral flow'r ! who lov'st to dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lonely Alder tree,
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

“ And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead :
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.”

Page 11.

"Poor Charlotte Smith portrays the deep-felt woe."

If to write so as to touch the deepest string of sensibility, and make it vibrate while you read, evince extraordinary genius, Miss C. Smith possessed this faculty in a high degree. Instance in following little pieces :

TO THE MOON.

"Queen of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast :
And oft I think—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest :
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death—to thy benignant sphere ;
And the sad children of Despair and Woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh ! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!"



TO NIGHT.

"I love thee, mournful, sober-suited Night !
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.

In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf cold elements complain,
And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen charges and the viewless wind.
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art ;
For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched ; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of Heaven !”

TO SLEEP.

“Come balmy Sleep ! tired Nature's soft resort !
On these sad temples all thy poppies shed ;
And bid gay dreams, from Morpheus' airy court,
Float in light vision round my aching head !
Secure of all thy blessings, partial Power !
On his hard bed the peasant throws him down ;
And the poor sea-boy, in the rudest hour,
Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.
Clasp'd in her faithful shepherd's guardian arms,
Well may the village-girl sweet slumbers prove ;
And they, O gentle Sleep ! still taste thy charms,
Who wake to labour, liberty, and love.
But still thy opiate aid thou dost deny
To calm the anxious breast, to close the streaming eye.”



"But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
 Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come,
 Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
 And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
 And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
 Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!"
 The same spirit breathes in her pieces "On Spring," "The
 Punishment of Avarice," &c.

Page 12.

"Let classic Gray."

The man who wrote the three following stanzas, had no necessity to write again to secure an immortality:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unrol;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Page 13.

"True to his Love the dear Palemon dies."

There are few passages in the whole compass of English Poetry that are more touching in sensibility, than that to which this line refers. We subjoin it :

"O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;
Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet !
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd !
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.

But, O Thou sacred Power ! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !
And you, Arion ! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah ! cease to mourn ! those friendly tears restrain ;
Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore ;
Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
O ! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress :
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah ! then remember well my last request,
For her who reigns for ever in my breast ;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death !
But O ! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale :
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew :

Lo ! her bright image, pendant on my neck,
 Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck :
 Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
 I struggled life and this alone to save !

My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
 Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee ;
 But strives in vain ;—the chilling ice of Death
 Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath :
 Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode,
 To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
 O sacred Source of ever-living light !
 Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight !
 Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
 Where peril, pain, and death are felt no more !

When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
 That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
 Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
 To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd,
 O ! then to swell the tides of social woe
 That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
 While Memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
 And what distress thy wretched friend befel !
 Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd
 The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
 While hisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
 With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear,
 O ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
 " *All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain.*"

Falconer's Shipwreck.

Page 16.

*"Yet may we learn, by such instructors taught,
That rhyme shows genius too as well as thought."*

That a Poet should not possess, in a great degree, the rich and surprising imagery which distinguish compositions of the highest class, by no means supposes him destitute of great merit. There are many, particularly comic and satiric, writers, who possess the peculiar facility of giving to their compositions an extraordinary fascination by the strangely felicitous collocation of their sentences, and the quaint introduction of their rhymes. That this is an art requiring even brilliancy of genius, none will hesitate to concede. Of this "*curiosa felicitas*" of expression, numerous examples may be adduced. Few will illustrate it better than some verses of Cowper's "John Gilpin:"

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill a chaise; and you shall ride
On horseback after *we*."

Here, the *solecism* contains the *point*. The *genius* is displayed in the *blunder*. The two following verses also, illustrate our position:

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here's the house!
They all at once did cry,
The dinner waits—and we are tired.—
Said Gilpin, So am I."

" I came because my horse would come ;
 And if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 For they're upon the road."

We subjoin a few more examples :

" For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o'th day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over.

Butler.

" For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty, when the moon is full ;
 Such as take lodgings in a head,
 That's to be let, unfurnished."

Butler.

" What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet, in his side."

Butler.

" They never taste, who always drink,
 They always talk, who never think."

Prior.

"They walk'd and eat, good folks : what then ?—

Why, then, they walk'd and eat again.

They soundly slept the night away,

And just did, nothing, all the day.

* * * * *

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,

They would not learn, nor could advise :

Without love, hatred, joy or fear,

They led—a kind of—as it were :

Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried :

And so they liv'd; and so they died." *Prior.*

—
"All human race would fain be wits,

And millions miss for one that hits." *Swift.*

—
"Read all the prefaces of Dryden,

For these our Critics much confide in ;

Though merely writ at first for filling,

To raise the volume's price a shilling." *Swift.*

Page 18.

"*And our own Thomson.*"


Thomson's "Seasons" are read by every body. His "Castle of Indolence" by few. Popular, however, as the former has been, the latter displays greater powers of mind, and greater richness of imagery. The criticism of Mr. Campbell is truly accurate :

"To the Castle of Indolence he brought not only the full

nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso ; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the Fairy Queen : and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration. There he redeemed the jejune ambition of his style, and retained all its wealth and luxury without the accompaniment of ostentation. Every stanza of that charming allegory, at least of the whole of the first part of it, gives out a group of images from which the mind is reluctant to part, and a flow of harmony which the ear wishes to hear repeated." We select a few stanzas of peculiar beauty :

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide, -
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.



It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

"Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made."

—
"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stol'n away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before."

"O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

The following lines on the *Æolian Harp*, are truly beautiful :

"Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole

They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

“Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom :
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, awhile, O ! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

“Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd ;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.”

" But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good :
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :
 Taught by this son of joy we found it so ;
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

To praise the "SEASONS" is only to waste time and paper.
 Exquisite *description*, of which Thomson possesses the utmost
 luxuriance, appears in the following extracts :

" And see where surly Winter passes off
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 'The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
 As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
 Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time with bill ingulph'd
 To shake the sounding marsh, or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste."

“——— Breathed hot

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glitt'ring waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert, ev'n the camel feels
Shot through his wither'd heart the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gath'ring eddies play ;
Nearer and nearer still they dark'ning come,
Till with the gen'ral all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise,
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,
Th' impatient merchant, wond'ring, waits in vain ;
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.”

“ There through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary vast
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;

And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
With news of human kind."

But the "HYMN" of Thomson will be read and quoted, with the highest sensations of delight, to the end of time; and might well suit even the employment of the purified spirit when time shall be no longer.

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

“ Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still,
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ! hurls the tempest forth ;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

“ Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ;
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes ;
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;

And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls ! be hush'd the prostrate world !
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song

Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once, the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
" Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his-setting beam

Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable ;
 Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

Page 18.

" I hail thee, Burns ! the Bard whom nature made."

The reader will find himself here introduced to the three celebrated Bards of Caledonia. The praise of Burns has been supported with intensity of warmth, not to say of adoration. Undoubtedly his merit is of no ordinary kind. He wrote but little ; and perhaps, those compositions, invested with the peculiarities of Scottish Dialect, were more keenly apprehended, and warmly admired, than they might have been, in another, and more polished, garb. But, if so distinguished a place be awarded to Burns, what remains for the latter two, who, in every thing, except *plebeian wit*, are incomparably his superiors ? To the

Ettrick Shepherd and Sir Walter Scott, such exalted praises belong, that, at the present, the least invidious method of criticising them, is to allow them to speak for themselves. I have selected specimens of all the *three*, from which, I must leave the reader to deduce his own conclusion.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

“The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree :
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears:
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mither, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

* * * * *

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The father craks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion wi' judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past ;

Thy image at our last embrace ;

Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green ;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

'Till too, too soon the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care ;

Time but the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?"

Burns's "*Tam o' Shanter*" has been considered one of his best compositions. With the exception of a few beautiful lines, which we subjoin, and which are quite superior to the rest of the piece, it appears to have no more than ordinary merit. Vulgar scenes is its leading characteristic; and had it been written by

that superior master of plebeian facetiousness, the Lancashire *Tim Bobbin*, it would have been esteemed as one of his dullest performances. The following lines, however, are extremely beautiful:

“But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.”

Page 18.

“*The fam'd Sir Walter sings.*”

Upon the poetical productions of the “Author of Waverley” it is needless to expatiate. Criticism has been so universally employed upon them, that few can have failed, long before this, to have formed their own opinions. To me, the “*Lady of the Lake*” and the “*Lay of the last Minstrel*” appear the best; and of these, the former much superior in it's general character and effect, to the latter. His mode of introducing and terminating the poem by the prologue and epilogue to his harp; and of relieving the cantos by apostrophes to nature, and diversifying them with the song of the Bard and the Huntsman, has an effect by no means inferior to the *Chorus* of the *Greek Tragedy*. Before the “*Lady of the Lake*,” as far as I can recollect, the

same peculiar style and plan had never been adopted. And yet when we consider the history of Celtic Bards and Border Minstrelsy, we wonder that the Poets of Caledonia had no *sooner* adopted it. The "Lady of the Lake" has many peculiar scenes of exquisite beauty. The description of Loch-Katrine, and the surrounding scenery—the Stranger's reflections on his viewing the expansion of the Lake—the Maiden's pause at the sound of the approaching Stranger—and the delineation of her own person and character—the Stranger's dream—the Minstrel's conversation with Ellen—the meeting of Douglas with his daughter Ellen, and the introduction of Malcolm Græme—the feelings of Ellen on the proposals of Roderick Dhu—the mode of commanding and dismissing the Hench-man, and his extraordinary velocity and success in summoning the Clan—the manner in which the Clan-Alpine Chieftain's summons is received, even amid the sorrows of bereavement, and the ecstacy of bridal anticipations—the noble spirit of the undeveloped, and the amazing ardours of the detected, Chieftains, with the scene of their dreadful conflict—the death of Roderick Dhu—the introduction of the unsuspecting Ellen to the splendid court, led by the hand of the undiscovered Monarch, and the manner in which the pledge of the royal ring is redeemed,—are all of them scenes beautifully wrought up. Perhaps the greatest beauty of the piece, is the manner in which the plot and *sequence* of the Poem is conducted, to the very last stanza, and even last line of the Poem; when the turn given is so surprisingly sudden, so exquisitely delicate, so highly magnanimous, so beautiful in its expression, and so delightful in the consummation to which it conducts, that the

man whose heart bursts not, when he sees "*the clasp on Ellen's hand,*" is "earth, earth, earth," indeed. Extracts can scarcely give adequate conceptions, because the beauties of the Poem are like gems, which look best in the location of elegance in which they are set. Admit however a few :

 "Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And higher yet the pine-tree hung
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey.
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

—

The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,

And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

Not Katrine in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.

At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay
Wailed every harsher note away.

Then, like a sun-beam swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear, (affection's proof,)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;

No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
Where death seemed combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left it's domain as wan as clay.

Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his free-born clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boy-hood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How they are blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
course.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue ;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest ;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn ;
The grey mist left the mountain-side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride ;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry ;
The black-bird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Ben-venue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,

With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

“When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!”—

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roe-buck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;

Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career !
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race ;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course.—Speed, Malise, speed !

The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe his scythe ;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay ;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby, the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know ;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught !
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary !

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

Roderick ! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
The curtain of the future world.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand kept feeble time ;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed his song ;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear ;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy ;—
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu !—

“ Come, Ellen, come !—’tis more than time,
He hold his court at morning prime.”
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother’s arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer ;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

“ Hast thou no other boon to crave ?
No other captive friend to save ?”

Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.—
“Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!”—And, at the word,
Down kneel’d the Græme to Scotland’s Lord.
“For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!”——
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o’er Malcolm’s neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen’s hand.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life’s long way,

Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
 'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

Page 19.

“The Ettrick Shepherd breathes sweet minstrelsy.”

Modern times can furnish no example of native and exalted genius more truly astonishing, than the Ettrick Shepherd. The world must ever feel indebted to Sir Walter Scott, for introducing his countryman to the public: the conduct of the Baronet evinces a magnanimity of soul which shames the petty envies too often subsisting among rival authors. Hogg has, in many respects, taken the mould and manner of his patron. The “Harp of the Forest” has introduced it's songs like the “Harp of the North.” We have given sufficient specimens of the powers of the latter; those of the former will very well bear to be presented in the same review. Whatever may be the merit of Sir

Walter for the accuracy and delicacy of his particular touches, his genius must succumb to that of the Shepherd. *Diffuseness* is the great fault of the Bard of Dunedin. His beauties occur too seldom for the length of his pieces, and want that concentration and completeness which are found in Gray and Goldsmith. The pages of the Bard of Ettrick are like the constellations of Taurus and Cetberus, which seem to have usurped above their proportion of stars. His beauties are thickly strewed almost on every page. It would be difficult to say where such an amazing collection of highly poetical conceptions can be found, as, in the first and second "*Nights*" of the "*Queen's Wake*." The third is much inferior to the other. It should, however, be observed, that the *design* of the Poem required *inferiority* and *superiority* to be *obvious*, in the different parts, as representing the performances of different Bards; but the interest would have been more powerfully kept up, if a greater proportion of brilliancy had been reserved to the latter part of the work. The *scheme* of the "*Queen's Wake*" is eminently beautiful on account of its simplicity; and yet, no genius, but one varied in character, potent in grasp, and wonderful in agency, could have produced the "*Queen's Wake*." The interest excited will, probably, with the generality of readers, be less than what the "*Lady of the Lake*" ensures, on account of the exquisite suspension in which the latter holds the sensitive reader till the developement of the plan. The "*Bards*" of the Ettrick Shepherd appear nearly on the same footing with the "*Pilgrims*" of Chaucer. The former sing for *Queen Mary's harp*, the latter for a *gratuitous Supper*. Mr. Hogg's performance excites a

livellier interest than Chaucer's, because you are sooner brought to the consummation. Of Chaucer's Poem the termination is lost; and *where*, and *what* it would have been, who can tell? His merit was very extraordinary; but, for want of knowing how to read the old English versification, few get to the end of the first Prologue. His works are found in almost every circulating library; and the first page is very *dirty*, while all the rest are comparatively clean. A very few pages will take you beyond the obtrusion of thumb-marks. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" has the advantage of the "Queen's Wake," as far as *plan* is concerned, in two particulars. The *same* Bard sings on different themes, and therefore needs never to descend from the proper altitude of his conceptions; and, again, the Bard who sings is undiscovered, till the end of the poem, when you are introduced to the exalted personage, to whom the Persian Princess is given as a spouse. The device of this performance is exquisite. "Lalla Rookh" and the "Queen's Wake" are parallel works. What Moore has executed with all the luxuriance of *Oriental*, the Ettrick Shepherd has done with all the corruscation of *Celtic*, imagery. Moore's poem is like the garden of *Persia*; Hogg's like the domains of *Fingal*. If Moore's work is more polished and exquisite, Hogg's is more brilliant and transporting. Moore may have exhibited the treasures of the east; the Ettrick Shepherd has displayed his own. In delineating the character of the Bards of Caledon he has portrayed himself.

“ Their’s the strains that touch the heart,
 Bold, rapid, wild, and void of art.
 Unlike the Bards, whose milky lays
 Delight in these degenerate days.

* * * * *

So high his strain, so bold his lyre,
 So fraught with rays of Celtic fire.”

These observations will be justified, we trust, by a few specimens:—

“ Now burst, ye Winter clouds that lower,
 Fling from your folds the piercing shower;
 Sing to the tower and leafless tree,
 Ye cold winds of adversity;
 Your blights, your chilling influence shed,
 On wareless heart and houseless head,
 Your ruth and fury I disdain,
 I’ve found my Mountain Lyre again.

“ Come to my heart, my only stay!
 Companion of a happier day!
 Thou gift of heaven, thou pledge of good,
 Harp of the mountain and the wood!
 I little thought, when first I tried
 Thy notes by lone St. Mary’s side,
 When in a deep untrodden den,
 I found thee in the braken glen,
 I little thought that idle toy
 Should e’er become my only joy!

"December came; his aspect stern
 Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn;
 A polar sheet was round him flung,
 And ice-spears at his girdle hung;
 O'er frigid field, and drifted cone,
 He strode undaunted and alone;
 Or, throned amid the Grampians gray,
 Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay."

In the second Bard's song, "*Young Kennedy*," we read:—

"When the gusts of October had rifled the thorn,
 Had dappled the woodland, and umbered the plain,
 In den of the mountain was Kennedy born:
 There hushed by the tempest, baptized with the rain.
 His cradle, a mat that swung light on the oak;
 His couch, the sear mountain-fern, spread on the rock;
 The white knobs of ice from the chilled nipple hung,
 And loud winter-torrents his lullaby sung."

"Matilda, ah! woe that the wild rose's dye,
 Shed over thy maiden cheek, caused thee to rue!
 O! why was the sphere of thy love-rolling eye
 Inlaid with the diamond, and dipt in the dew!"

"Yes, the new moon that stooped over green Aberfoyle,
 And shed her light dews on a father's new grave,
 Beheld, in her wane, the gay wedding turmoil,
 And lighted the bride to her chamber at eve:

Blue, blue was the heaven ; and, o'er the wide scene,
A vapoury silver veil floated serene,
A fairy perspective, that bore from the eye
Wood, mountain, and meadow, in distance to lie."

"The scene was so still, it was all like a vision ;
The lamp of the moon seemed as fading for ever.
'Twas awfully soft, without shade or elision ;
And nothing was heard but the rush of the river."

The murdered father thus accosts the guilty bridegroom :—

"And thou, fell destroyer of virtue and life !
O ! well may'st thou quake at thy terrible doom ;
For body or soul, with barbarity rife,
On earth is no refuge, in heaven no room.
Fly whither thou wilt, I will follow thee still,
To dens of the forest, or mists of the hill ;
The task I'm assigned, which I'll never forego,
But chase thee from earth to thy dwelling below.

"The cave shall not cover, the cloud shall not hide thee ;
At noon I will wither thy sight with my frown ;
In gloom of the night, I will lay me beside thee,
And pierce with this weapon thy bosom of stone.
Fast fled the despoiler with howlings most dire,
Fast followed the spirit with rapier of fire ;—
Away, and away, through the silent saloon,
And away, and away, by the light of the moon.

"To follow I tried, but sunk down at the door.
Alas ! from that trance that I ever awoke.
How wanders my mind ! I shall see him no more,
Till God shall yon gates everlasting unlock.
My poor brow is open, 'tis burning with pain,
O kiss it, sweet vision ! O kiss it again !
Now give me thine hand ; I will fly ! I will fly !
Away, on the morn's dappled wing, to the sky."

"And lo the Night, in still profound,
In fleece of heaven had clothed the ground ;
And still her furs, so light and fair,
Floated along the morning air.
Low stooped the pine amid the wood,
And the tall cliffs of Salisbury stood
Like marble columns bent and riven,
Propping a pale and frowning heaven."

"Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime,
Were hooded in the wreathy rime ;
And all, ere fell the murk of even,
Were lost within the folds of heaven.
It seemed as if the welkin's breast
Had bowed upon the world to rest ;
As heaven and earth to close began,
And seal the destiny of man."

The "Spirit of the Storm" is thus described :—

"Within this desert, dank and long,
Since rolled the world a shoreless sea,
I've held my elemental throne,
The terror of thy race and thee.

"I wrap the sun of heaven in blood,
Veiling his orient beams of light;
And hide the moon in sable shroud,
Far in the alcove of the night.

"I ride the red bolt's rapid wing,
High on the sweeping whirlwind sail,
And list to hear my tempests sing
Around Glen-Avin's ample vale.

"These everlasting hills are riven ;
Their reverend heads are bald and gray ;
The Greenland waves salute the heaven,
And quench the burning stars with spray."

In the "Spectre's Cradle Song" these lines occur :—

"See yon thick clouds of murky hue ;
Yon star that peeps from its window blue ;
Above yon clouds, that wander far,
Away, above yon little star,
There's a home of peace that shall soon be thine,
And there shalt thou see thy Father and mine.

The flowers of the world shall bud and decay,
The trees of the forest be weeded away,
But there shalt thou bloom for ever and aye."

The following is the description of the Bard of Ern:—

"In gray Glen-Ample's forest deep,
Hid from the rains and tempest's sweep,
In bosom of an aged wood
His solitary cottage stood.
Its walls were bastioned, dark, and dearn,
Dark was its roof of filmot fern,
And dark the vista down the linn,
But all was love and peace within.
Religion, man's first friend and best,
Was in that home a constant guest;
There, sweetly, every morn and even,
Warm orisons were poured to heaven:
And every cliff Glen-Ample knew,
And green wood on her banks that grew,
In answer to his bounding string,
Had learned the hymns of heaven to sing;
With many a song of mystic lore,
Rude as when sung in days of yore.

"His were the snowy flocks, that strayed
Adown Glen-Airtney's forest glade;
And his the goat, and chesnut hind,
Where proud Ben-Vorlich cleaves the wind:

There oft, when suns of summer shone,
The bard would sit, and muse alone,
Of innocence, expelled by man;
Of nature's fair and wondrous plan;
Of the eternal throne sublime,
Of visions seen in ancient time,
Till his rapt soul would leave her home
In visionary worlds to roam.
Then would the mist that wandered bye
Seem hovering spirits to his eye :
Then would the breeze's whistling sweep,
Soft lulling in the cavern deep,
Seem to the enthusiast's dreaming ear
The words of spirits whispering near."

When Kilmeny had sung, the Poet observes :—

" But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night :
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam :
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream."

“ And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and stedfast was her ee !
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride or passion there ;
And the soft desire of maidens een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
And kepted afar frae the haunts of men ;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, to drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blythly round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion.
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,

And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the thistle-cock ;
The corby left her houf in the rock ;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth !
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again."

“ But once let woman's soothing tongue
Implore his help or clemency,
Around him let her arms be flung,
Or at his feet her bended knee ;

The world's a shadow ! vengeance sleeps !
The child of reason stands revealed—
When beauty pleads, when woman weeps,
He is not man who scorns to yield.”

“ When rival rank to rank drew nigh,
When eye was fixed on foeman's eye,
When lowered was lance, and bent was bow,
And faulchion clenched to strike the blow,
No breath was heard, nor clank of mail,
Each face with rage grew deadly pale.
Trembled the moon's reluctant ray ;
The breeze of heaven sunk soft away.”

“ What vision lingers on the heath,
Flitting across the field of death ;
Its gliding motion, smooth and still
As vapour on the twilight hill,
Or the last ray of falling even
Shed through the parting clouds of heaven ?

Is it a sprite that roams forlorn ?
Or angel from the bowers of morn,

Come down a tear of heaven to shed,
In pity o'er the valiant dead ?
No vain, no fleeting phantom this !
No vision from the bowers of bliss !
Its radiant eye, and stately tread,
Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid ;
No rose of Eden's bosom meek,
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek ;
No drifted wreath of morning snow,
The whiteness of her lofty brow ;
Nor gem of India's purest dye,
The lustre of her eagle eye.

When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin ;
When passion burned, and prudence slept,
The pitying angels bent and wept.
But tears more soft were never shed,
No, not when angels bowed the head,
A sigh more mild did never breathe
O'er human nature whelmed in death,
Nor woe and dignity combine
In face so lovely, so benign,
As Douglas saw that dismal hour,
Bent o'er a corse on Cample-moor ;
A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
A brave, an only brother's dust.

The ingenuity of critics has been carried to great lengths to discover the necessary connection between the sounds of words, and the images and actions of substances. The simple fact maintained, is, that when you hear certain *words* repeated, you will immediately recognise the mode of the *action* performed ; as the trampling of horses, singing of birds, murmuring of waters, sounding of trumpets, &c. &c.

That certain sounds of hissing, crackling, whizzing, &c. may be conveyed by certain words, is not to be questioned ; but, it must be observed, that even, in *these* instances, the words have more of inarticulate mimicry than definite expression. When the theory refers to prolix description, it becomes perfectly untenable ; which may be demonstrated by the following experiment. Repeat a line in German, Russian, Greek, or any language not understood by the individual interrogated ; and then, inquire what is the action described in the language you have just used. You will find him unable to satisfy you ; or even, fairly guess at the meaning of the terms. But, if you, in the *first* place, repeat the words, and *then* ask if they do not sound like such and such actions and noises, there will instantly be an association in the mind which readily makes us conceive that a correspondence subsists. On this principle *alone* can this theory of correspondence between the sounds of words and actions be defended.

On this supposition the hacknied quotations from Homer, Virgil, Spenser, Pope and Dryden, have their adequate beauty, force, and adaptation. There is another species of correspon-

dence, which differs somewhat from the above *abstract* theory; namely, when the expression possesses that exactness and vividness of description, that when you read you are constrained to realise the image that the author designs to represent. And perhaps a better example cannot be found than in the *Ettrick Shepherd's* description of the aerial flight of the enchanted husband of the "*Witch of Fife*:"—

"His armis war spred, and his heide was hiche,
And his feite stack out behynde;
And the laibies of the auld manis cote
War wauffyng in the wynde.

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew,
For he thochte the ploy se raire;
It was like the voice of the gainer blue,
Whan he flees throu the aire."

Page 19.

"Rest then, sweet moralist; thine Auburn may
Deserted be, but never will thy lay."

Never, never, can that lay perish, which contains such lines as the following.

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place :
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain :
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

"Ill fares the land, to hast'ning hills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd."

"Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man."

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

Page 20.

" See *his poor Blind Boy*."

This little piece from *Bloomfield* has been very much, and very justly admired,

"Where's the *Blind Child* so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in every breeze ? He's often seen
Beyond yon cottage-wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes,
That full expanse of voice to children dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here :
And hark ! that laugh is his—that jovial cry,
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;
With circumscrib'd, but not abated pow'rs,
Play—the great object of his infant hours :
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent ;
The grove invites delight, thrills every breast,
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest.
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
And *one* companion leave—the boy is *blind* !

His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way ;
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy ;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower ;
Smoothing their stems while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees.
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day ;
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a *sighing parent* with the prize !"

Page 23.

" *Oh ! why was such a Harp so soon unstrung ?*"

It must have been a matter of undissembled regret that a Poet so *pure* and so *perfect* as Dr. Beattie should have blessed the world with so few performances. But surely it is better to leave but little, and that of the first quality, than like many since his time, who might think that mankind had nothing to do, but to read their Poems. The reader would be displeased not to find, in this place, a few stanzas from the "*Minstrel*." The "*Minstrel*" is a performance so complete in its connexion, and in which beauties and elegancies are so uniformly distributed, that our selection of the following stanzas is rather to exhibit the style of the Poet, than to display the extent of his powers. The whole must

be read. If the Spencerian stanza were ever employed with the perfection of poetic accuracy, it will be found in Beattie's "Minstrel," and Thomson's "Castle of Indolence;" both of which are executed with such inexpressible beauty, that the penetration of criticism is at a loss to determine to whether should be awarded the palm of superiority. There can be only one regret on the subject of the Minstrel. It is one of those rare performances of which the shortness is the greatest disappointment.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!"

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

" And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear.
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !
 To others do (the law is not severe) -
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends and native land ; nor those alone ;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

" The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

" O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody !

“ Hence ! ye who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists ! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
Greedy and fell, tho’ impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth’s fair fane,
And ever ply your venom’d fangs amain !
Hence to dark Error’s den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should deign
(Tho’ loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

“ One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro’ the dark medium of life’s feverish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

“ Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
Is there, who ne’er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist’s rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o’er the schoolman’s peevish page ; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon’s dirty mine ;
Sneak with scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

"O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 Rose from the abyss ; when dark Confusion, driven
 Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
 Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
 O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 To blast the fury of oppressive might,
 Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way."

"I cannot blame thy choice," the Sage replied,
 "For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
 And yet even there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
 In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 That soon must fall, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?"

Page 23.

"So too, the instructive Rogers."

Among the classic productions of our country, "the Pleasures
 of Memory," and "the Pleasures of Hope," will always retain a
 distinguished place. Unlike the ephemeral oblations of Genius,
 or the results of impotent thought tortured to the last "dregs
 and squeezings of the brain," these elegant tablets of men-
 tality are now to be found in every select cabinet of taste.

They exhibit concentration of sentiment, delectable thought, and exquisite expression. If once perused, they will always be read again with increasing satisfaction. Of that class, in which, in the main, the elegance of taste predominates over the sublimity of genius, (as may be observed in the kindred productions of Goldsmith, Pope, and Gray,) they will never fail to be quoted by the sentimental, and admired by all. In his first production Mr. Rogers has been the most successful. Some of his smaller pieces are admirable; particularly the verses, "*On a Tear*;" "*The Sailor*;" "*To the Gnat*;" "*To the Butterfly*;" and "*To a Friend on his Marriage*." The following will give an adequate idea of the talent he has displayed:—

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.

"What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

“ Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r, “ Long may such goodness live!”
’Twas all he gave, ’twas all he had to give.
Angels, when Mercy’s mandate wing’d their flight,
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

“ But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy’s wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever’d brain?
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch’d the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv’d his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope’s soft energies were felt no more.

“ Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd ?
When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view ;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast ;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

—
“ Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away ?
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !”

ON A TEAR.

" Oh ! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from CHLOE's eye ;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age ;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

"CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!"

"*The Epistle to a Friend*" is an exquisite piece; quite equal, in general style, to Horace or Pope. The Poem on "*Human Life*" is very inferior to his former productions. We had the cream first. Two passages, however, deserve to be pointed out as peculiarly beautiful, one on marriage, the other on death:—

"———Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;

* The law of Gravitation.

A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
 Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
 Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
 Back from a world we love, alas, too long,
 To fire-side happiness, to hours of ease
 Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
 How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
 To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
 Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
 Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
 The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
 Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
 And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
 A thousand melodies unheard before!"

—
 "—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
 Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
 Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
 Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly-bright;
 And, with a voice inspiring joy not fear,
 Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
 That he is risen!"

Page 24.

"Accomplish'd Campbell, with enchanted wing."

The conspicuous place which Mr. Campbell sustains as an arbiter on the subject of Poetry, and the valuable Lectures with which he has enriched the Belles Lettres of this country, rende

praise valueless, and criticism nugatory. His merit has been duly appreciated and acknowledged ; and therefore any observations in this place will be unable to exalt him to a greater elevation. His "*Pleasures of Hope*" are quite equal, if not superior to Mr. Rogers' "*Pleasures of Memory*." His Muse seems to travel in a *loftier* region, and his imagery to possess more of that ardour and pathos which distinguish *essential* poetry. To select beauties from his Poem, is to choose brilliants from the treasures of the Lapidary ; you pause in the centre of rival loveliness, and brightening lustres. He has ventured upon the work of *personification* with a boldness which can scarcely be equalled. The mountain of the Andes is "a *giant* looking down from his throne of clouds o'er half the world ;"—the comet, is "a fiery giant careering on bickering wheels, and adamantine car, whirling thro' realms beyond the reach of thought, till he curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun ;"—the Avenging Deity of India, is a personage of tremendous magnitude and power, "shaking a sunless sky, riding the *horse* of heaven's fire, pawing the clouds, and galloping upon the storm, with arms glowing like summer suns ; shaking the earth, and the trembling islands, and causing all nature to rock beneath his tread."—His poetry glows with some of the most vivid conceptions ; such as, "the starless night of *désolation*"—"the gentle gale stunn'd with the cries of death"—"the verdure of the vale bathed in blood"—"kingdoms peopled with despair"—"sounds rolling on the azure paths of the wind"—"heaven bursting her starry gates," &c. Other modes of expression are exquisitely touching :—"the shadowy forms of uncreated joy"—"the wintry paradise of home"—"life's

torrent frozen at it's fountain"—"dark idolaters of chance, in joyless union wedded to the dust," &c. &c. What can be more poetical than to describe the discoverer of a new planet as one "who yields the lyre of heaven another string?" But of the general character of Mr. Campbell's composition, we may judge from the passages subjoined :—

"With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

"Primeval Hope, th' Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of his iron car ;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

“ Congenial Hope ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

“ Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee,
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee ?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil ;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No !—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep !—

“ The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

“ Nine times have Brama’s wheels of lightning hurl’d
His awful presence o’er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar’d in vain—
But Heav’n shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high !
Heaven’s fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below ;
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean’s bed,
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

“ The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And Man, the hermit, sigh’d—till Woman smil’d !



“ Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The dark’ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither’d heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;—
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!

“ Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna’s steep,
The seaman’s cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray’r his bursting heart, and died!

“ Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-ey’d herald of dismay,
Chas’d on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o’er—the pangs of nature close,
And life’s last rapture triumphs o’er her woes.

“ Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal’d their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay’d;

✻

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
 Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!"

"*Gertrude of Wyoming*" is a pretty, interesting piece; but bears no comparison with the "*Pleasures of Hope*." The chorus from *Euripides*, is one of the finest specimens of spirited and poetical translation. "*Lochiel's Warning*," and the "*Ode to Winter*," display great vigour of intellect. But in the *smaller* pieces, he seems scarcely to have succeeded so well as in the larger. "*Lord Ullin's Daughter*" is, however, a charming little narrative.

Page 24.

• "*While potent Collins at his swift control.*"

The Genius of Collins is of the first class. Dr. Johnson remarks concerning him, "Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls

of Elysian gardens." To this we may add the opinion of Dr. Langhorne: "The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity; but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was at once capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description."

The "Ode on the Poetical Character" has been deemed his master-piece, but every reader will coincide with Dr. Langhorne in opinion that "it is so infinitely abstracted, and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the spirit of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination."

None denies to William Collins the possession of the greatest powers. Mr. Hazlitt observes, "In his best works there is an attic simplicity, a pathos, and fervour of imagination, which make

us the more lament that the efforts of his mind were at first depressed by neglect and pecuniary embarrassments, and at length buried in the gloom of an unconquerable and fatal malady. How many poets have gone through all the horrors of poverty and contempt, and at last ended their days in moping melancholy or moody madness!

“We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.”

Is this the fault of themselves, of nature in tempering them of too fine a clay, or of the world, that spurner of living, and patron of dead merit? Read the account of Collins—with hopes frustrated, with faculties blighted, at last, when it was too late for himself or others, receiving the deceitful favours of relenting fortune, which served only to throw their sunshine on his decay, and to light him to an early grave. He was found sitting with every spark of imagination extinguished, and with only the faint traces of memory and reason left—with only one book in his room, the Bible; “but that,” he said, “was the best.” A melancholy damp hung like an unwholesome mildew upon his faculties—a canker had consumed the flower of his life. He produced works of genius, and the public regarded them with scorn: he aimed at excellence that should be his own, and his friends treated his efforts as the wanderings of fatuity. The proofs of this are, his Ode on Evening, his Ode on the Passions, (particularly the fine personification of Hope,) his Odes to Fear and to Pity, the Dirge in Cymbeline, the Lines on Thomson’s



Grave, and his Eclogues, parts of which are admirable. But perhaps his Ode on the Poetical Character is the best of all. A rich distilled perfume emanates from it, like the breath of genius; a golden cloud envelopes it; a honeyed paste of poetic diction encrusts it, like the candied coat of the auricula. His *Ode to Evening* shews equal genius in the images and versification. The sounds steal slowly over the ear, like the gradual coming on of evening itself:—

“ If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkling vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, lov'd return !

For when thy folding star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves
Who slept in flow'rs the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car ;

Then lead, calm Votress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name."

Page 27.

" *Great praise, albe', this modern Epic gains.*"

The reader may not be displeased to find, in this place, the opinion of Dr. Gregory on the *Henriade* of Voltaire :—

"You are so severe a classic, that I question whether you will allow me to call his *Henriade* an epic poem, for want of the proper number of gods, devils, witches, and other absurdities requisite for the machinery : which machinery is (it seems) necessary to constitute the *Epopée*. But whether you do or not, I will declare (though possibly to my own shame) that I never read any epic poem with near so much pleasure. I am grown old, and have possibly lost a great deal of that fire which formerly made me love fire in others at any rate, and however attended with

smoke: but now I must have all sense, and cannot, for the sake of five righteous lines, forgive a thousand absurd ones.

"The *Henriade* is all sense from the beginning to the end. What hero ever interested more than Henry the Fourth, who, according to the rules of epic poetry, carries on one great and long action, and succeeds in it at last? What description ever excited more horror than those, first of the massacre, and then of the famine, at Paris? Was love ever painted with more truth and *morbidezza* than in the ninth book? Not better, in my mind, even in the fourth of Virgil. Upon the whole, with all your classical rigour, if you will but suppose St. Louis a god, a devil, or a witch, and that he appears in person, and not in a dream, the *Henriade* will be an epic poem, according to the strictest statute laws of the *Epopée*: but in my court of equity it is one as it is."

Gregory's Elements of Polite Education.

Page 31.

"*Descriptive Chaucer,*" &c.

Having concentrated, as much as possible, our views of Chaucer and Spenser in the poetical portraitures, it only remains to exhibit such specimens from their writings as may corroborate our assertions. Allow, however, a few animadversions. When we speak of Chaucer's genius we must, on the one hand, remember, that he was without precursor, in his own country; he had every obstacle to encounter, and every difficulty to surmount, alone. On the other, he was greatly indebted to Dante, Petrarch, and Boceace, his immediate predecessors in Italy, from whom he has made copious transcriptions; as Spenser, subsequently, from Ariosto and Tasso. Chaucer intermingled with the highest

lowest, and busiest scenes of life; observed for a series of years every external form of nature, fashion and manners; with every internal conflict, collision, vicissitude, and reciprocation of men's principles and passions. He had a liberal education, the first society, the advantages of travel, and at the age of sixty-four sat down to write the *Canterbury Tales*. Yet, few English poets, under the same circumstances, could have written like Chaucer. His forte is descriptive detail. In this, he equals Homer, but in nothing else. "He notices minute circumstances," says Mr. Campbell, "as if by chance; but every touch has its effect to our conception so distinctly, that we seem to live and travel with his personages throughout the journey.

"What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in those tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses, through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquarian can discover by the cold light of his researches! Our ancestors are restored to us, not as phantoms from the field of battle, or the scaffold, but in the full enjoyment of their social existence. After four hundred years have closed over the mirthful features which formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive; as if Time had rebuilt his ruins, and were reacting the last scenes of existence."

We select a few examples: The costumes, dress, and carriage of his *Canterbury Pilgrims* are drawn after this model:—

"Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy ;
 Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy :
 And she was cleped Madame Eglentine.
 Ful wel she sange the service divine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle ;
 She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.

* * * * *

And sikerly she was of grete disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefeten chere
 Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerde smert :
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was ;
Her nose tretis ; hire eyen grey as glas ;
Hire mouth ful smale ; and therto soft and red ;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode, I trowe."

" A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie :
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable :
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe worlde the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men :—
Therefore he was a prickasoure a right :
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight :
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his sleeves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne :

A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
 His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
 And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
 His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
 That stemed as a forneis of led.
 His botes souple, his hors in gret estat ;
 Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
 He was not pale as a forpined gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery."

The descriptions of the equipage, and accoutrements of the two kings of Thrace and Inde, in the Knight's Tale, are as striking and grand, as the others are lively and natural :—

" Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon
 Licurge himself, the grete king of Trace :
 Blake was his berd, and manly was his face.
 The cercles of his eyen in his hed
 They gloweden betwixen yelwe and red,
 And like a griffon loked he about,
 With kemped heres on his browes stout ;
 His limmes gret, his braunes hard and stronge,
 His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe.
 And as the guise was in his contree,
 Ful highe upon a char of gold stood he,

With foure white bolles in the trais.
Instede of cote-armure on his harnais,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as any gold,
He hadde a beres skin, cole-blake for old.
His longe here was kempt behind his bak,
As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.
A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,
Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright,
Of fine rubins and of diamants.
About his char ther wenten white alauns,
Twenty and mo, as gret as any stere,
To hunten at the leon or the dere,
And folwed him, with mosel fast ybound.—

With Arcita, in stories as men find,
The grete Emetrius, the king of Inde,
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,
Came riding like the god of armes Mars.
His cote-armure was of a cloth of Tars,
Couched with perles, white, and round and grete.
His sadel was of brent gold new ybete;
A mantelet npon his shouldres hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.
His crispe here like ringes was yronne,
And that was yelwe, and glitered as the Sonne.
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,

A few fraknes in his face yspreint,
 Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,
 And as a leon he his loking caste.
 Of five and twenty yere his age I caste.
 His berd was wel begonnen for to spring;
 His vois was as a trompe thondering.
 Upon his hed he wered of laurer grene
 A gerlond freshe and lusty for to sene.
 Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
 An egle tame, as any lily whit.—
 About this king ther ran on every part
 Ful many a tame leon and leopart."

The reader of Chaucer may be satisfied with "The Knight's Tale and the Prologue"—"The Squire's Tale"—"Troilus and Cresseide"—and "the Flower and the Leafe." Many of the rest are greatly inferior; and some, of the publication of which, the Poet lived to repent.

Page 31.

"From every Bard two hundred years remote."

That is, every Bard of sufficient merit to demand especial regard. We were aware of Occleve, Gower, Lydgate, Wyatt, Surry and Sackville, Sydney and others; not forgetting King James I.; but they are like the satellites of Jupiter, invisible without teloscopic assistance. "There are Poets older than Chaucer, and in the interval between him and Spenser; but their genius was not such as to place them in any point of comparison

with either of these celebrated men ; and an inquiry into their particular merits or defects might seem rather to belong to the province of the antiquary, than be thought generally interesting to the lovers of poetry in the present day."

Page 32.

" Ah peerless Spenser, fiction's favourite child."

The parts chiefly to be admired in Spenser are the third and fifth cantos of Book I. ; the sixth canto of Book II. ; the fifth canto of Book III. ; the description of the Cave of Mammon ; the Cave of Despair ; the House of Pride ; the Portraiture of Belphebe ; the Gardens of Adonis ; the Bower of Bliss ; the Mask of Cupid ; and the Procession of the Passions. The following will give a fair specimen of the style and genius of Spenser :—

THE MASK OF CUPID.

" The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peer ;

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight :
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his gait might easily appear ;
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hands a windy fan did bear
That in the idle air he mov'd still here and there.

And him beside march'd amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than the other swain,
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain :
His garment was disguised very vain,
And his embroidered bonnet sat awry ;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd coat of strange disguise,
That at his back a broad capuccio had,
And sleeves dependant *Albanese-wise* ;
He lookt askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trod, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did advise ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made ;
Yet his own face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horror to deform his grisly shade ;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was ; this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;
With th' one his foes he threat'ned to invade,

With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap ;
For whom he could not kill he practiz'd to entrap.

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro ;
And his own arms when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and winged-heel'd ;
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield,

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerfull look and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold ;
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water sprinkle dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

Next after them, the winged God himself
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe
That man and beast with power imperious

Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous :

His blindfold eyes he bade awhile unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind ;
Which seen, he much rejoiced in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high,
He looked round about with stern disdain,
And did survey his goodly company ;
And marshalling the evil-ordered train,
With that the darts which his right hand did strain,
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his colour'd winges twain,
That all his many it afraid did make :
Tho', blinding him again, his way he forth did take."

FROM THE BOWER OF BLISS.

"Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear ;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To tell what manner musicke that mote be ;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie :
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

FROM SPENSER'S SONNETS.

SONNET XXXVI.

"Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn,
For, where as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the joyous day would end;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast."

Page 33.

"The brilliant Cowley, of scholastic mode."

As with Cowley, the "Lives of the Poets" is commenced, so the genius of that poet seems to have attracted the peculiar attention of the illustrious author. Being, at the same time, a poet so little known by the generality of readers, we feel unwilling to omit some of the most valuable observations with which his biographer has enriched the narrative:—

"Among the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope, might be said "to lisp in numbers;" and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seem scarcely credible. But of the learned puerilities of Cowley there is no doubt, since a volume of his poems was not only written but printed in his thirteenth year; containing, with other poetical compositions, "The tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was ten years old; and "Constantia and Philetus," written two years after.

"He is said to have written, while he was yet a young student, the greater part of his "Davideis;" a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years, by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.

"In the general review of Cowley's poetry it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unskilful selection; with much thought, but with little imagery; that he is never pathetic, and rarely sublime; but always either ingenuous or learned, either acute or profound,

"It may be affirmed, without any encomiastic fervour, that he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater Ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies, and for lofty flights."

Flourishing in an age when *metaphysical* poetry was popular, Cowley has displayed his talents in that species of composition, with greater success than perhaps any of the same class. From poetry of this description an air of recondite and scholastic affectation seems inseparable; hence, we find such passages as the following, on *Knowledge*:

"The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;
The phoenix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd nest,
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic shew.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative;
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

Of the *Chronicle*, Dr. Johnson asserts, "It is a composition unrivalled and alone: such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley."

Of the fertility of Cowley's genius, and the obvious Pindarism of his style, the following specimens give ample evincement.

ON HOPE.

" Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!"

A general consternation is thus described:

" His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."

One of his odes commences with this fine passage :—

“Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measure dance;
While the dance lasts, how long so'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.”

Page 33.

“*The nightingale Dryden sings.*”

Of the productions of Dryden, the most admired are the “*Hind and Panther*,” “*Abdolon and Achitophel*,” the “*Annus Mirabilis*,” the “*Ode on Mrs. Killigrew*,” which Dr. Johnson calls the noblest that our language ever produced; but, perhaps the “*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*” may be considered his master-piece. As it exhibits ardent flights of fancy, and great nicety of lyric versification; evinces comprehensiveness of mind, and extent of classic acquirements, it may be quoted as the fairest specimen of the style and powers of Dryden; and as such will constitute and embrace every thing required by the object of these notes.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

“From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead."
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:

When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above ;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall attune the sky."

Page 33.

"Whose verse mellifluent as sweet nectar flows."

The genius and writings of POPE have received so much disquisition elsewhere, that they need the less here. Of the *pre-cocity* of his talents, his pastorals, written at the age of sixteen, leave no doubt. In point of polished versification it appears to us that he never exceeded his *third* pastoral, in all his subsequent performances. His genius possessed rather the subtlety of discrimination, and the playfulness of delicacy, than the loftiness and majesty of conception. He has left specimens of high excellence in various kinds. The *pastorals* are the best of that class, strictly considered, since the time of Virgil ; perhaps, the "*Calendar*" of Spenser may demand exception. The "*Messiah*,"

a short but interesting sacred composition, may serve to demonstrate with perfect satisfaction, the superiority of the poetry of ISAIAH to that of *Virgil*. Of the prophecies of the former the eclogue is a versification; and of the *Pollio* of the latter, the imitation. The "*Essay on Man*," if not correct in ethics, is replete with good sense; and the "*Essay on Criticism*" displays taste in it's highest perfection, and wit in it's brightest corruscations. The English language has probably no works of equal length, that can furnish an equal proportion of sentimental and brilliant quotations. The "*Dunciad*" was, at the time of it's publication, most popular; but the delicate or poignant character of it's satire could only be felt and appreciated by the individuals concerned, and their cotemporaries. For keenness of ridicule, and potency of expression, it is, however, inferior to Lord Byron's "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." Nor indeed will the "*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*," (which is quite a kindred work, and of great satiric pungency,) claim superiority to the brilliant pasquinade of Byron. The "*Rape of the Lock*," (or the *stealing of the curl*, as it might have been entitled with less danger of misunderstanding, though, perhaps, the *homonymy* was intentional) is an astonishing example, demonstrating how much may be said about nothing. A more exquisite specimen of elegant ingenuity is not to be found. With all the fairy appendages of *Rosicrucian* machinery, it exposes the secrets and vexations of female vanity; but the *moral* is not introduced with adequate strength, to become convincing and efficient. "*Windsor Forest*" is a spirited and classical production. The "*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*" is very beautiful, but inferior to Dryden's. Upon the "*Translation of the ILIAD*" we need not

animadvert ; with respect to some smaller pieces, we decline the task.

The best examples of Mr. Pope's versification and genius may be taken from the third pastoral :—

“ Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song ;
 For her, the lymes their pleasing shades deny ;
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my *Delia's* stay ;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said ? where'er my *Delia* flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,

Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
Come, *Delia*, come ; ah, why this long delay ?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of *Delia* sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind !
Do lovers dream, or is my *Delia* kind ?
She comes, my *Delia* comes !—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !"

From the fourth pastoral :

" Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;
The trembling trees in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief ! our glory now no more !"

From the "Sacred Eclogue" on the *Messiah*, we extract some fine passages, placing below the parallel descriptions of *Virgil*, that they may exemplify, and corroborate the position before advanced.

" Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,*
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Sharon* rise,
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;†
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains ; and, ye valleys, rise ;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :

* Virg. E. 4. v. 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

† Virg. E. 4. v. 46. Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca !

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.

—
 "The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,"
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,

Virg. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —

Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

Occidet —————

Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their fork'd tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial *Salem* rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

—
 “No more the rising* Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze.
 O'erflow thy courts: The Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas† shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!”

* The thoughts of *Isaiah*, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of *Virgil*, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

———— *toto surget gens aurea mundo!*

———— *incipient magni procedere menses!*

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of *Isaiah*, here cited.”

Ch. lx. v. 4. Ch. lx. v. 3. Ch. lx. v. 6.

* Ch. lx. v. 19, 20. † Ch. li. v. 6. and ch. liv. v. 10.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Ode.

" Vital spark of heav'nly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?"

The spirit and character of the "*Essay on Criticism*" may be ascertained from such lines as these :

" Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

"A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Piërian* spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

"Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
For envy'd wit, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;

But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day."

Having propounded, as a canon of poetry, that

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense,"

he proceeds, immediately, in the eight lines next succeeding, to exemplify his critical dogma. The *imitations* of smoothness and asperity, of slowness and velocity, are as complete, as, in the nature of things, they can be:—

"Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When *Ajax* strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

In this specimen, however, (which is probably the best in the English language,) the imitation is imperfect, because it arises merely from the regulation of time, and the facility or difficulty of articulation. A *stranger to the language* would have no conception of the things or actions described. On the impossibility of *perfect* poetical imitations of this kind, we beg to refer you to our observations in p. 132.

The entire *moral* of the "*Rape of the Lock*" is comprised in the following extract:—

" Say why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd ?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaus,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains !

" But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey ;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good humour still whate'er we lose ?
 And trust me, dear ! good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Page 36.

*" Their loftier verse had beam'd in rich display,
 A thousand years before e'en Homer's day."*

By referring to the TABLE of Biographical Dates appended for the illustration of this work, the reader may ascertain, at one glance, in what relation the poetical works of *Palestine* stand to those of *Greece*. To establish the truth of the position assumed in the lines above quoted, we need not elaborate a proof of the

ante-patriarchal date of the wonderful *Poem* of JOB. Whoever is anxious to form a decisive opinion upon so intricate a subject as the era of the Person and the Book of Job, may bring all his critical acumen to the observations of Calmet, Spanheim, Kennicott; the Lectures of Bishop Lowth, with Dr. Gregory's Notes; Mr. Peters, Dr. Grey, Dr. Magee, and the introductory dissertation of Mr. Mason Goode; and perhaps, in no place, will he find information and criticism more concentrated, or better arranged, than in Dr. Adam Clarke's Preface to the Book of Job in his Commentary. It is probable, moreover, he may, at the end of his lucubrations, be less decided than when he began the investigation. All this uncertainty, however, affects not, in the least, the *poetical* character of the work; any more than the dubious eras of *Ossian* or *Homer*. Its *great antiquity* is conceded by all. Critics, anxious to discover the *earliest* examples of poetic excellence, refer us to the address of *Lamech* to his wives; and to the execration of *Noah* upon Ham, with the predictions of prosperity to his two brothers. These passages being reducible to the Hebrew distich, may have somewhat of the *form*, but they do not possess, eminently, the *spirit* of poetry. Of a much superior character are the valedictory blessings of the *patriarchs*, *Isaac* and *Jacob*; which we subjoin:—

THE BENEDICTIONS OF ISAAC.

“And his father Isaac said unto him, Come near now, and kiss me, my son. And he came near, and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed: Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine: let people

serve thee, and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee: cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee."—Gen. ¹xvii. 26—29.

"And Isaac his father answered and said unto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and the dew of heaven from above; and by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother: and it shall come to pass, when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."—Gen. xvii. 39—40.

THE BENEDICTIONS OF JACOB.

"Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise: thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee. Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up? The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be: binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."—Gen. xlix. 8—12.

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the Shepherd, the stone of Israel:) even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee

with blessings of heaven above; blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb: The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separated from his brethren."—Gen. xlix. 22—23.

Page 36.

"To us, perchance, is lost the flowing line."

Dr. Lowth appears decided in this opinion;—"As to the real quantity, the rhythm, or modulation, these, from the present state of the language, seem to be altogether unknown, and even to admit of no investigation by human art or industry. It is indeed evident, that the true Hebrew pronunciation is totally lost. The rules concerning it, which were devised by the modern Jews many ages after the language of their ancestors had fallen into disuse, have been long since suspected by the learned to be destitute of authority and truth: for if, in reality, the Hebrew language is to be conformed to the positions of these men, we must be under the necessity of confessing, not only what we at present experience, that the Hebrew poetry possesses no remains of sweetness or harmony, but that it never was possessed of any. The truth is, it was neither possible for them to recall the true pronunciation of a language long since obsolete, and to institute afresh the rules of orthoepy; nor can any person in the present age so much as hope to effect any thing to the purpose by the aid of conjecture, in a matter so remote from our senses, and so involved in obscurity."

"Thus, not so much as the number of syllables, of which each word consisted, could with any certainty be defined, much less the length or quantity of the syllables : and since the regulation of the metre of any language must depend upon two particulars, I mean the number and the length of the syllables, the knowledge of which is utterly unattainable in the Hebrew, he who attempts to restore the true and genuine Hebrew versification, erects an edifice without a foundation."—See also Dr. Lowth's confutation of "Bishop Hare's System of Hebrew Metre."

Whatever be the ultimate settlement of this question, it appears to me of very trifling importance. Had the Poetry of the Bible been of that class which derives its leading fascination from the musical collocation of words, the resolution of this *nodus* would have become a momentous desideratum. But the *Poetry* of the BIBLE possesses that boldness of imagery, that grandeur of thought, that majesty of expression, that *tout ensemble* of augustness and ultra-sublimity, that sacred *elixir* of poetry ; that versification cannot enrich it, translation cannot impair it. Hence in the SELECTIONS we have made, we have taken them as they stand in the "*authorized version*." The testimonies in favour of the poetical character of many portions of the Holy Scriptures would, of themselves, occupy a volume. The reader may consult Simpson's "*Sacred Literature*." Dr. Watts avers that the Bible contains more beautiful language than any writings of Greece or Rome. In the estimation of Erasmus, Locke, Salmasius, Bacon, Newton, Boyle, Milton, Hervey, and many others, the greatest geniuses that the world ever knew, no book can be placed in comparison

with THE BIBLE. One testimony must not be omitted; it is that of a great poet, philosopher, and statesman, who knew twenty-six languages, and had studied the Scriptures with unremitted and elaborate attention; I allude to the great *Sir William Jones*, who declared, "I am of opinion that this volume (independently of it's divine origin) contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and *finer strains of poetry* and eloquence, than can be *collected* from *all* other books in any age and language." We shall therefore introduce the reader to our selections from the poetry of the Bible, without adventitious observations; which, as they must have been voluminously great, so they are perfectly unnecessary.

Page 38.

"The reverend MOSES rapt on holy ground."

THE SONG OF MOSES.

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord,

hath dashed in pieces the enemy. And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee: thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, the earth swallowed them. Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. The people shall hear, and be afraid: sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina. Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed; the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone; till thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased. Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the

sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea."—Exodus, xv. 1—19.

"Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass: because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is he."
—Deut. xxxii. 1—4.

"For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape."—Deut. xxxii. 9—14.

"For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains. I will heap mischiefs upon them; I will spend mine arrows upon them. They

shall be burnt with hunger, and devoured with burning heat, and with bitter destruction: I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust. The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also, with the man of gray hairs. —Deut. xxxii. 22—25.

“See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no god with me: I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal: neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand. For I lift up my hand to heaven, and say, I live for ever. If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me. I will make my arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh; and that with the blood of the slain, and of the captives, from the beginning of revenges upon the enemy.”—Deut. xxxii. 39—42.

“And of Joseph he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush: let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren. His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns: with them he shall

push the people together to the ends of the earth : and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh."—Deut. xxxiii. 13—17.

"And of Asher he said, Let Asher be blessed with children ; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oil. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass ; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be. There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms : and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and shall say, Destroy them. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone : the fountain of Jacob shall be upon the land of corn and wine ; also his heavens shall drop down dew. Happy art thou, O Israel : who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency ! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee ; and thou shalt tread upon their high places."—Deut. xxxiii. 24—29.

As intimately connected with the writings of *Moses*, because introduced by him to our notice, are some *very interesting* facts relative to the poetry of *his own times*, and those of even anterior date.

That *Poets*, or individuals whose office seems analogous to that of our modern *Celtic* or *Scottish Bards*, existed *before* the era of *Moses*, may be, I think, demonstrated from some passages in the Pentateuch. *Moses* refers (in Num. xxi. 14.) to *the Book of the*

Wars of the Lord; on which Bishop Patrick has the following observations:—

“A proof of this Moses thought good to allege out of an authentic record in those countries, containing the history of all the wars that had been in those parts; which are here called *the Wars of the Lord*, because he is the great Governor of the world, (as Abarbinel interprets it) *from whom and by whom are all things*, who *putteth down one, and setteth up another* (as the psalmist speaks) *at his good pleasure*. This book, he thinks, was written by some of the wise men of those nations, (and so thinks Nachmanides) who looking upon the conquest made by Sihon, as a very memorable thing, put it down in their annals; which, after the way of those countries, were written, he thinks, in a poetical manner. There are those who are of opinion, that this book was written by Moses himself; who left in it directions to Joshua, how to proceed in the wars of the Lord, when he conquered Canaan. So Dr. Lightfoot conjectures; and Bonfrerius doth not much differ from him. But I take the former account to be the more probable, that Moses justifies what he writes concerning this conquest, out of their own books, which he quotes, just as St. Paul, in the New Testament, doth one of the Greek poets.”

In the same chapter (ver. 27) he alludes to “*those that speak in PROVERBS*.” These, by the Septuagint, are termed *αἰνωμαῖς*; and St. Augustine observes concerning them, “Who these *Enigmatists* are is not very plain, since there is no such appellation in our language (Latin); nor indeed is the word elsewhere found in the Holy Scriptures (that is, in the Septuagint); but since they seem to have been employed in *singing a poem*, in which was

celebrated a war that had been carried on between the Amorites and the Moabites, in which *Seor* King of the Amorites was victorious, it is not improbable that these Enigmatists may have been those whom we now call *Poets*; inasmuch as it is customary with poets to mingle enigmas and fables in their verses, by which they obscurely indicate realities: for an enigma is no other than a figurative mode of expression, upon the explanation of which depends our understanding the author." Quæst. xlv. in Num.

Had the term "enigmatists," been rendered "*proverbialists*," or even *bards*, probably the real meaning of the Hebrew had been more completely conveyed. In the Hebrew (says Bishop Patrick) the words are, "*Wherefore the Proverbialists*;" that is, the *Poets*, whose composures in those days were very *sententious*. The whole passage is as follows:—

"Wherefore they that speak in proverbs say, Come into Heshbon, let the city of Sihon be built and prepared: for there is a fire gone out of Heshbon, a flame from the city of Sihon: it hath consumed Ar of Moab, and the lords of the high places of Arnon. Woe to thee, Moab! thou art undone, O people of Chemosh: he hath given his sons that escaped, and his daughters, into captivity unto Sihon king of the Amorites. We have shot at them: Heshbon is perished even unto Dibon, and we have laid them waste even unto Nophah, which reacheth unto Medeba." Numbers, xxi. 27—30.

Of the poetical spirit displayed in this piece, the reader will easily judge. It has pathos and energy.

“The Bards, or Poets, are enumerated by the SON OF SIRACH, among the wise and illustrious men of former times :

‘Wise and eloquent in their instructions,
Such as found out musical tunes,
And recited written verses.’ ECCLES. xliv. 4.

Observe also, whether those four, whose wisdom is so much celebrated, 1 Kings, iv. 31. *Beni Machol*, be not *Sons of the Choir*; that is, musicians or poets: for they were (not *Sons of Mahol*, as our translators render it, taking an appellative for a proper name, but) sons of *Zerach*, as appears from 1 Chron. ii. 6. ‘Whence the eldest of them, *Ethan*, was also called *Ha-Ezrach*, 1 Kings, iv. 31. where the Targum expressly has it *Bar Zerach*, son of *Zerach*.’ H. Among the Greeks also the poets were anciently called wise men, or sophists :

‘Rosy Venus, queen of all!
So the *wise* bright Venus call.’ ANACREON.

That is, the Poets.—So also Pindar:—

—— ‘Sung by the *wise*,
And honoured by the will of Jove.’ Ist. V. 36.

Upon which passage the Scholiast: ‘The Poets are commonly called Wise Men, and Sophists.’ ‘The Poets preceded these (the Philosophers) by some ages; and before the name of Philosopher was known were called Wise Men.’ LACTANTIUS, Lib. V. 5.” See note, Lowth’s Lectures, vol. I. p. 81.

Of *Balaam's* poetic genius we may speak with greater certainty. He was a *Mesopotamian* and *cotemporary* with *Moses*. His prophecies display the true spirit of poetry.

THE PARABLES OF BALAAM.

"And he took up his parable, and said, Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come, curse me Jacob; and come, defy Israel. How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied? For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him: lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"—Num. xxiii. 7—10.

"And he took up his parable, and said, Rise up, Balak, and hear; hearken unto me, thou son of Zippor: God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Behold, I have received commandment to bless: and he hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel: the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them. God brought them out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought! Behold, the people shall rise

up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion ; he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain." Numbers, xxiii. 18—24.

THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel ! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters. He shall pour the water out of his buckets, and his seed shall be in many waters ; and his king shall be higher than Agag, and his kingdom shall be exalted. God brought him forth out of Egypt ; he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn : he shall eat up the nations his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows. He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a great lion : who shall stir him up ? Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee." Numbers, xxiv. 5—9.

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"Mysterious Job with rich description," &c.

"The most splendid examples of every beauty and elegance of sentiment, of imagery, and of diction, meet the eye of the attentive reader in every part of the Poem. Let it suffice to say, that the dignity of the style is answerable to that of the subject ; its force and energy to the greatness of those passions which it describes : and as this production excels all the other remains of the Hebrew Poetry in economy and arrangement, so it yields to

none in sublimity of style, and in every grace and excellence of composition. Among the principal of these may be accounted the accurate and perfectly poetical conformation of the sentences, which is, indeed, generally most observable in the most ancient of the poetical compositions of the Hebrews. Here, however, as is natural and proper in a poem of so great length and sublimity, the writer's skill is displayed in the proper adjustment of the period, and in the accurate distribution of the members; rather than in the antithesis of words, or in any laboured adaptation of the parallelisms."--See Lowth, vol. ii. p. 430, 431.

EXTRACTS.

"And Job spake and said, Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it. As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months. Lo, let that night be solitary; let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day: Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes."--Job, iii. 2--10.

"Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same. By the blast of God they perish, and

by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed. The roaring of the lion, and the voice of the fierce lion, and the teeth of the young lions, are broken. The old lion perisheth for lack of prey, and the stout lion's whelps are scattered abroad. Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no trust in his servants; and his angels he charged with folly: how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth?"—Job, iv. 8—19.

"In famine he shall redeem thee from death; and in war from the power of the sword. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue; neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh. At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh; neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee. And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin. Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the earth. Thou shalt.

come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."—Job, v. 20—26.

"Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up. For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me."—Job, vi. 2—4.

"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: what time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing, and perish."—Job, vi. 15—18.

"As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work; so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope."—Job, vii. 2—6.

"Which removeth the mountains, and they know not; which overturneth them in his anger; which shaketh the earth out of

her place, and the pillars thereof tremble; which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not, and scaleth up the stars; which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south; which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number. Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not. Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? who will say unto him, What doest thou?"—Job, ix. 5—12.

"Now my days are swifter than a post: they flee away, they see no good. They are passed away as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey."—Job, ix. 25, 26.

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."—Job, xiv. 1, 2.

"The wicked man travaileth with pain all his days, and the number of years is hidden to the oppressor. A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him. He believeth not that he shall return out of darkness, and he is waited for of the sword. He wandereth abroad for bread, saying, Where is it? he knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at his hand. Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him, as a king ready to the battle. For he stretcheth out his hand against God, and strengtheneth himself against the Almighty."—Job, xv. 20—25.

"He shall shake off his unripe grape as the vine, and shall cast off his flower as the olive. For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."—Job, xv. 33, 34.

"God hath delivered me to the ungodly, and turned me over into the hands of the wicked. I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder: he hath also taken me by my neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark. His archers compass me round about; he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground. He breaketh me with breach upon breach; he runneth upon me like a giant. I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust. My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death."—Job, xvi. 11—16.

"If I wait, the grave is mine house; I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. And where is now my hope? as for my hope who shall see it? They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust." Job, xvii. 13—16.

"Terrors shall make him afraid on every side, and shall drive him to his feet. His strength shall be hunger-bitten, and destruction shall be ready at his side. It shall devour the strength of his skin: even the first-born of death shall devour his strength. His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle, and it shall

bring him to the king of terrors. It shall dwell in his tabernacle, because it is none of his: primstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His roots shall be dried up beneath, and above shall his branch be cut off. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world." Job, xviii. 11—18.

"Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds; yet he shall perish for ever like his own dung; they which have seen him shall say, Where is he? He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him shall see him no more; neither shall his place any more behold him."—Job, xx. 4—9.

"He shall suck the poison of asps: the viper's tongue shall slay him. He shall not see the rivers, the floods, the brooks of honey and butter."—Job, xx. 16, 17,

"All darkness shall be hid in his secret places: a fire not blown shall consume him; it shall go ill with him that is left in his tabernacle. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity; and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart, and his goods shall flow away in the day of his wrath. This is the portion of a wicked man from God, and the heritage appointed unto him by God."—Job, xx. 26—29.

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